THE COMMONWEAL

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ON THE THIRD THRESHOLD

THIS is children's week. It is also the momentous occasion of our own third birthday. At first we viewed the coincidence with some dismay, feeling that such a confusion marred our standing among matters of moment. But is there anything which so visibly lives and grows, which so energetically inquires into and prepares for tomorrow as childhood? It has the secret of confidence, of wonder, of that most beautiful thing called innocence. Now The Commonweal would enjoy claiming these attributes of infancy as it is quite conscious of others—conscious of the fact that it toddled along, finding its way toward the task it had set for itself but which was not always easy of realization, and conscious of many faults in its conduct which came from excess of good will rather than from chilly indifference to duty. Today the work of the Calvert Associates may well claim to have arrived at a certain maturity. But we are perfectly ready to admit that this maturity is not yet majority.

The year that now opens must tell once and for all the stride our youthful venture can take. Will it be a weakling, undeveloped or prematurely old, or will it grapple with the burden of its days in masculine fashion? To some extent, the answer depends upon whether we can associate a greater number of people with ourselves—people who have at heart the things we love, who are nurslings of the same principles, who stand at arms in the same impasse. If you ask us to say whether we believe these people can be found, our answer is a hearty "Yes." The experience of the past is a satisfactory augury. When this magazine was born, there were many who gazed at it incredulously. What? A journal dedicated to the intellectual interests of Christendom as these are reflected in the events of the day? A journal resting on the conviction that a sufficient number of literary men affiliated with, or interested in, Catholic tradition could be found to take the measure of the established antagonistic intellectual press? A journal of outspokenly religious ideals which actually hoped to find subscribers? Well, we have been here and have attracted some attention. Testimony to that fact, at least, has come from all parts of the world. We have gone out to win, and it is now the turn of our natural corps of supporters to say if we shall win out.

There are at least two matters which we should like to offer for their consideration. The first is suggested by a random glimpse of a newly-married couple looking about for a home (it was really not the couple you noticed, but that is no great matter.) Nothing in the

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world is finer or more exciting than this adventure in quest of a place where the beautiful sacredness of life may be housed, where one may escape from the roar of the street into that shout of seclusion and safety which, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Chesterton, "is too loud for men to hear." And in a different way, the human universe is restless with a similar search. Where shall the spirit be housed? Within what walls, through what windows, shall we gaze upon the things that pass? Time was when the European man who tilled the ground and awoke when the stars were dim and high, found shelter for his soul under the roof of Christendom as simply as a dove sleeps under its cote. But tempests have come and spirits are scattered—like wild-fowl on the wind or hungry eagles. Religious, intellectual, spiritual odyssies are today the rule; and not so many end happily at home. Unrest creeps up to the very threshold of sanctity. The situation is one for which none of us is immediately responsible. Like years of war, like social chaos, it is a legacy which an older revolutionary generation thought we should like better than Christendom.

Nothing can be done excepting to sit down and think out all the old conclusions again. Think them out, that is, in terms of the present age. Think them out with our fellows in a spirit of charity, even while ourselves conscious of a great inner reality which is ours as a gift and not a reward. It is often true that the best place to begin is squarely with a practical problem which the crowd cannot get round. One can arrive at the full significance of the Benedictine motto, "Peace," if one examines a little the modern anxiety to end war and the obstacles that bar the way. The principles of social justice are clearer if we find our way toward them through the baffling difficulties of shop and farm, through the remedial experiments now earnestly being made. What is done in the name of art is likewise also the best system of mile-stones back to the definition of art. Thus it is with any number of things. The vast eclecticism of modern life, distracting and overwhelming though it may well seem, can be the field through which we find our way back into the city. And there, of course, are the towers whose bells ring ceaselessly even though few listen—ring in the great encyclicals, the philosophies, the maxims of the creed. All these are the ultimate topics for discussion. They are, to a large extent, the words that recur constantly and happily when talk comes round to a conclusion.

Thinking in this sense is what The Commonweal aspires to do. It is a modern activity, suited to laymen who never speak authoritatively, but always tentatively. It can be carried on with a firm resolve to hate the Pharisee while taking the arm of the man in the street. We believe that such activity does not usurp work which others are trying to do, and that nobody else is at present so well prepared to do it as we ourselves. Perhaps we shall not be construed wrongly when we say that evidence supports this conviction. No other magazine frankly Catholic in character ever recruited so many good writers from outside; and the quality of our pages is due in considerable measure to the fact that men and women of other beliefs have come here to talk things over, in a spirit of friendliness toward the age-old Church which has a membership of the spirit as well as of the body. Similarly, we look back with pleasure to what has been said here concerning such matters as rural coöperation and the Mexican situation. Our remarks on the Calles régime were based on information supplied by many persons of rare ability, within the Church and out of it, who came to us with offers of assistance, with knowledge, and with no desire for pay. And we notice with some pride that these remarks have been read and heeded far more widely than we ever hoped they would be. In this case again the final mandate of opinion was papal opinion—the plea for peace and prayer.

In the second place, fellowship among men is often regulated as much by trifles light as air as by grave fundamentals. Christendom is fellowship, and its influence depends upon its ability to create confidence, harmony, respect. Now it is unfortunately true that a sense of isolation, of difference, of inferiority if you will, has often governed the attitude of Catholics toward society round about them. Because it seems to have been taken for granted that they could not possibly be interested in the minor concerns of life, they were voted not interesting on topics of basic importance. Therefore an opportunity exists for each one of us to develop what influence he possesses as an individual so that some, at least, of the corporate business of Christendom may be carried through. The layman as a saver of souls is as out of place as a grandfather on a football field. But the layman as a representative of the courtesies, the standards, the virtues of his church has all the power and pertinence of an ambassador. At the risk of repetition we would say that this magazine exists to accomplish some of the things which authorities beyond number have declared only business, professional, and literary men can do. We shall be interested in life. We shall be interested in it the more because we are foresworn to a great and living tradition. We shall be controversialists through simple practice of the art of conversation.

This is not the place to analyze plans for the coming year. We are confident that there will be an advance. The ultimate victory, however, is dependent simply upon the sturdiness of those who join hands with us. Children, to return to the tone of the passing moment, rely instinctively upon community strength. And so we would emphasize to friends as well as to those who have not yet formed the Commonweal habit, those words of Lincoln which should be the creed of every American enterprise: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in."

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WEEK BY WEEK

REËLECTED with a plurality that will exceed a quarter of a million votes, Governor Smith triumphantly ended a campaign which has not particularly increased the political enlightenment of New York state. Unable, apparently, to feel contented with any of the more orthodox Republican publicity material, Mr. Ogden Mills revived the old theme of "terrible Tammany" as that used to be stressed in days when the cartoonists of Harper's Weekly were a force in public affairs. The exhumation was about as effective as all exhumations are. It proved nothing, and even was a little ridiculous in the eyes of the general public. Tammany's years of experience in government and the increasing number of representative citizens holding office under its banner, have long since laid the Tammany bogie. Misled by some peculiar "tip" on the psychology of the New York City electorate, Mr. Mills appealed to recriminations and motives of a kind which started a lot of public gossip but apparently influenced no one. The tremendous vote cast for Governor Smith was therefore as much a testimonial to his personal character as to the generally satisfactory achievements of his office. That there is really one prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination to the Presidency in 1928 is consequently a fact plainly attested to. And according to appearances this nomination will come pretty close to deciding who is to be the next White House resident.

OBVIOUSLY, this is not a Coolidge year. The spectacular contest in Massachusetts, ending in the election of Senator David I. Walsh, rather plainly indicates that the star of the man who put down the Boston police strike is waning. Here, of course, as elsewhere in the national scene, the vote demonstrated the power of large urban centres as opposed to the more conservative countryside. We doubt if ever an election showed this distinction more clearly. In Pennsylvania it was the strength of the two greatest cities which elected Senator Vare; in Massachusetts it was the vote of Boston which turned the tide in favor of Senator Walsh; and in Illinois it was the determined opposition of down-state districts to Chicago influence which resulted in the defeat of the widely favored Democrat, Mr. Brennan. No doubt it is the gradual, steady formation of "urban Democracy" which constitutes the biggest threat to entrenched Republicanism throughout the country. Precisely for this reason, the leaders of the G. O. P. ought to regret sincerely the kind of propaganda which was employed in their behalf in New York City.

AS we go to press, it is impossible to tell what the character of the national legislative bodies will be. Of unusual interest, however, is the fact that Republican victories were most definite in the Middle-West insurgent states. With Senators Brookhart and Blaine joining hands across the Mississippi River boundary, it looks as if the farm bloc will demand respect in Washington. Far more important, however, is the well-established momentum of "wet" sentiment throughout the country. The New York, Illinois, and Wisconsin referendums were, no doubt, the most vigorous blows struck at prohibition since the day Mr. Volstead successfully championed it. But in cases far too numerous to mention, the issue of liquor-law modification has been a decisive factor in the campaign. There never was a time when so many of the people's chosen representatives hied happily to Washington bearing a frank and plainly visible stamp of opposition to a constitutional amendment which has almost caused a good many people to forget all about the Constitution. In this respect, at least, the nation is returning to sanity. As we have remarked upon several occasions, it is high time to remove the emotionalistic and moralistic issue of intoxicating liquor out of the domain of American political life. At present there is no greater danger than that men who present themselves for candidacy as legislators or executive officials should possess no other qualification than a certain courageous canniness about seeing how their fellow-citizens really feel about Mr. Volstead. The reverse is also true. Nothing is so apparently a cheap weapon of agencies like the Klan as rallying the righteous in opposition to a beer-keg. Government, after all, would be noticeably more sober if it could avoid being either "wet" or "dry."

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MUSSOLINI celebrated the fourth anniversary of Fascismo's rise to power by escaping assassination for the sixth time. The young fool who made himself victim and culprit in this instance was pummeled and stabbed to death with a ferocity such as only mob vindictiveness of the ultimate sort can attain. Later on, the Duce, cool and pleasant as if nothing had happened, rode away and smiled upon his family and wayside throngs. The contrast is interesting and significant. This man is undoubtedly a soldier; he has transformed the Italian people into an Old Guard. Everything is energy now, and if the enthusiasm holds out there will be no telling how far the Fascist recipe of power will prevail. Nevertheless, it remains necessary to think of the new Italian government in impersonal terms. Apart from "stars of destiny" and "charmed lives," the movement centers upon an idea singularly dynamic in character—the idea of thorough-going opposition to what is termed modern liberalism. It is the final cataclysmic result of the far-flung nineteenth-century attempt to push back the forces of human nature by using the art of persuasion. May it not be quite likely that the idea will survive? That upon some conceivable fateful morning, when sickness or the assassin has finally triumphed over Mussolini, the substance of Fascismo will go its way smiling, applauded by wayside throngs? Those who can conceive of this possibility must perforce refashion their picture of the European world that is to be.

MR. SILAS STRAWN'S snapshots of China are executed in darkest sepia. While the "war lords" are chasing each other out of the vicinity of the national treasury, railroads are deteriorating and ceasing to function, thoroughfares are turning into morasses, and the motor-cars are running out of gasoline. Representative government has come so near a halt that delegates to the tariff conference are embarrassed at finding that there are no Chinese with whom to confer. Never before have the foreign legations been perched so precariously on the thin edge of that vast, mysterious land which consistently displays a tendency to settle back into old habits. Indeed, for the moment, industrialism has ceased in China. One can enumerate admiringly the various projects carried through by European and American engineers—the power plants, the lighting systems, the units of modern transportation. If the Chinese had our brand of common sense they would undoubtedly applaud and conserve. But perhaps they haven't. It may be that the agricultural and contemplative Orient will recurrently smash to bits the neatly embroidered gateways of modern business, as the ocean rises and sweeps away buildings not made to resist a storm. Who knows? Evidence indicates, at least, that the war lords of whom there is now so much talk in China, could hardly keep going so consistently if they did not have at their disposal the implements industrialism has supplied. The energies of the machine age are not good in themselves, although there are a great number of people who continue to think so.

BUT if the Orient cast out industrialism, would it really be doing itself an evil turn? At Heidelberg, Professor Hellpach, who speaks with some authority, presents a graph of moral degeneracy which coincides astonishingly with a graph of the rise of industrialism. A population governed by conservative concepts of family and sexual morality gradually became engaged in factory labor to an extent which separated women from their homes, hurried them into employment and individual freedom, gradually introduced them to standards enunciated by the proletarian revolution, and ended with their adoption of a new code. Under this, the Nietzschean "will to dominate" became an authorization for loosely held marriage ties and for shirking motherhood absolutely. Obviously, it is really not important whether one introduces Nietzsche or substitutes somebody else. The impressive point is that while industrialism was prospering and developing its own spirit, the human nature affected by it was to an equal extent victimized by accelerated neurosis and degeneracy. Of course Professor Hellpach is only calling the same kind of halt as has been demanded a thousand times in the name of religion. With our experience we may still be able to redeem western industrial civilization, under heaven. But is it altogether clear that the Chinese may not reasonably prefer to avoid industrialism entirely?

REPRESSION of thought among public high-school teachers, as described by the Teachers' Union, will no doubt startle everybody to the core. When one learns that Doctor So-and-So has been overlooked during promotions because of loudly proclaimed socialist convictions, and that Mrs. Other-Person, of the economics department, has at various times been frowned upon for "radical views," the natural tendency is to cry out against the intellectual privations now being imposed upon our youth. These high-school pupils are tender in age and pliable in character. Ever so much could be done to improve their psychical equipment (and, of course, the supply of genius available to the race) by simply giving them an opportunity to judge between the doctrines sponsored by their teachers. A class which could decide that one mentor was "mistaken" and another "slightly erroneous" would no doubt give promise of a brilliant future. Perhaps the teacher might also profit by this kind of reaction. It is bitterly disappointing to go through life indoctrinating the rising generation without ever being indoctrinated in turn. The ideal child of the future is surely one who can rise in his seat, wipe the dust from his industrious spectacles, and beg to differ. And that the difference should concern such insignificant details as the propaganda of Marx or the modesty of La

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Prisonnière is obviously a thing of no consequence. As the man said in the play, "We must be broader above all, my dear—broader, broader!"

BY way of contrast we should like to offer New Life, a delineation of the spirit of the Seraphic Tertiary Youth Movement, written by Father Kilian, of the Capuchin order. After outlining the movement as a "training school of perfection," this little book goes on to describe the principles of conduct which young people are expected to adopt—rather than discuss. Strangely enough, from the point of view of the Teachers' Union mentioned above, the author not merely has his eye on the future but seems to know ever so much about boys and girls as they now are. "Youth has its special difficulties and on account of its immature condition cannot solve them properly unless aided. . . . Education to a sense of shame and a high regard for the virtue of purity must begin at an early age. . . . The reading of books cannot be enforced by coercion, nor will narrow-minded selections appeal to youth. They want variety and make their own selection from what is presented." These are some of the maxims laid down. We can't help thinking they merit the closest attention, even from very advanced persons. In so far as the Teachers' Union is concerned, it might find the explanation of much of the public attitude toward enlightenment in the following quotation which Father Kilian makes from an address by a Jewish rabbi: "When the parent discovers his children throwing overboard the old traditions, when he finds them becoming indifferent, even disrespectful, to hallowed, beautiful customs and sacred symbols and ceremonials which mean so much to him, when he beholds his children flying in the face of all that to him is precious, is there any wonder that that parent is deeply concerned?"

THE official film of the Chicago Eucharistic Congress has been completed and a New York première will be given on November 8, under the patronage of Cardinal Hayes. No doubt much interest will center round the new picture. It records an event without parallel in American life—a vast and spiritually tumultuous pilgrimage the details of which were governed by a sacred orderliness. Besides, the picture is a new venture in cinema artistry. Never before have such large throngs been crowded upon the screen, or have such innovations in the filming of actual events been carried through successfully. Credit for the endeavor must go to Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, but the technical labor was performed under the direction of some of the most able men in the motion-picture industry. One feels sure that the film will have a long and profitable run after it has been seen in the larger cities. Those who could not attend the congress itself will be able to represent for themselves all the great events, and reproduce the atmosphere.

HAZLITT, with his ready admiration for jugglers and magicians of all sorts, would have written one of the best of all essays about Houdini. The American stage has never known another man so sure to fascinate and overawe a crowd; and the secret was simply a complete mastery of the craft. All sides of it had been explored, even the shady (or shadowy) sides which of late years brought Houdini to the fore as a lecturer on spiritism and an exponent of frauds. The result was a completely baffling, seemingly impossible ability to ignore what seem inviolable canons of mechanics. We have heard a very learned authority on this subject declare that Houdini conformed perfectly with what would theoretically be the conduct of men under the fourth dimension. But the skill which has become a legend and is treasured in a great wealth of anecdote is matched by the drama of his final passing. It was a Houdini faithful to the applauding crowd, a Houdini who had never disappointed an audience, who decided to play a losing game with physical illness. He deserves to be remembered as one of America's greatest men of the stage. Though one cannot think of his art in terms of poetry or histrionic grandeur, it was characterized by a superlative variety of grotesque pantomime that stimulated the imagination by stirring the sense of mystery.

THERE are so many conventions nowadays that it is difficult to squeeze in comment about them, but an exception is clearly demanded in the case of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. This year's gathering marked the eleventh anniversary of the association's humble beginnings and was distinguished by a large attendance and by the participation of noted speakers. In the midst of the talk that has been going on about the "Bible belt," apparently very few have observed the astonishing success achieved by a group of determined laymen who resolved that Catholic creed and practice would be respected if they were adequately defended. The little slurs and slanders that used to creep into southern papers as a matter of course became very rare once the association took them up, answered them courteously and firmly, and insisted upon a hearing. Today the press of Georgia prints quite as much commendation of Catholic affairs as you are likely to find in the newspapers of any other section. The inference is clear: the "Bible belt," like other and more cynical belts, has its convictions and prejudices, but does react to intelligent suggestion. We should like also to emphasize the magnificent religious tradition inherited by the Catholic laymen of Georgia, an outline of which was written for readers of The Commonweal not so long ago. With a great past and an energetic present, the South can look forward to a notable spiritual future.

WE wish to remark by way of a postcript to the leading editorial in the present issue, that the future

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of literature is in the hands of those who, in addition to having been trained through experience for their work, can be assured of a sufficient market for what they produce. If specifically Catholic writing in America is not yet everything it should be, the fault hardly lies with those pioneers who toiled sacrificially and died in poverty. The fault lies rather with historical circumstances, the effect of which was to create a literary isolation in which poet and seer might beat their "luminous wings in vain." Naturally enough, young people hesitated to devote themselves to effort which promised so little and seemed to mean less. We are still realizing the fruits of this situation, but the causes no longer exist. The American public which dutifully professes its interest in the spiritualization of literature can now plead neither poverty nor want of educational facilities. If nothing is done, the reason will have been simply plain neglect, indifference, and intellectual sterility. We say this the more readily because experience during the past year has shown that a number of young people can write and think very well. One of our fundamental purposes is to encourage them. The work we ourselves do can only be a preparation, a getting ready, in as real a sense as the labor of Veuillot and Brunetière was antecedent to the contemporary renaissance in France.

BROADSWORDS AND IRON

PROBABLY gold was the first metal that man came in contact with, but of course then he used that solely for ornamental purposes. He later came to know about copper, perhaps from accidental smelting of a surface-vein by a hunter's fire, and from it his ingenuity produced tools in the semblance of those which he had previously fashioned from stone. Then some genius discovered that by adding 10 percent of tin to copper a hard, serviceable alloy resulted, out of which swords, daggers, and digging tools could be made.

Thereupon ensued a tremendous trade in tin, and the opening up of routes and sailings of vessels, for tin became an essential. Lately Dr. Friend has been investigating the history of iron. No doubt man knew it first in its meteoric state.

But man did not know how to smelt this any more than the Eskimo and other dwellers along the north of Ontario knew how to smelt the native copper which they found. Both just hammered their ores into such rude shapes as they could. Iron beads have been found in Egypt in predynastic times, at least six thousand years ago, which Dr. Friend thinks were thus derived. However, it is a long time since the metal was worked in the manner approximate to that we now employ, for the Hittites, that great military race, used it for their soldiers as early as 1300 B. C. A correspondence of that date shows that Rameses II, traditionally the Pharaoh of the Exodus, was trying to obtain supplies of it from his brother monarch.

Further west, the Philistines maintained such a monopoly in it that Saul and Jonathan were the only Hebrews of their day who had iron swords. Their race lived in the bronze age, while the Philistines lived in the iron age. Homer, who flourished about 880 B. C., knew all about iron. It had been in use for two or three centuries in Crete, if, as is believed, his Phaeacians were the people we now call Minoans.

The difficulty about this early iron is that it was iron, and nothing more. The swords which were capable of dealing a "swashing blow" in the words of Shakespeare, were no good for stabbing, where the bronze sword excelled. Moreover, they were apt to bend in delivering their swashing blows, just as a piece of hoop-iron will. Consequently, as we learn from early writers, the fighter had from time to time to "haul off" and straighten out his weapon with his foot —an awkward manoeuvre when hot-pressed by a foe. Tempering by water was known 2,000 years ago, for Vergil describes it in the Aeneid. Then came steel, and of steel we are the products. Considering that it first came from the heavens, it is little wonder that iron was long looked upon as a sacred metal. We have the aftermath of that today in the horseshoe which is still to be seen hung over doorways in country places—generally with the prongs down, which is quite inaccurate and, as any person learned in the occult knows, a sheer invitation to all evil influences to enter the house. With the prongs up that deterrent figure, "the horns," is produced, which averts the "evil eye" and other dark forces.

There is a curious tale told of the author of that most entertaining ancient work, The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies, wherein those beings are as gravely and carefully described as they could be by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Their describer was a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, whose book was published in 1691. The Reverend Kirk, minister at Aberfoyle, knew too much, and according to Sir Walter Scott, the fairies carried him away to an underground retreat and there immured him. In some way he was able to communicate with a child to whom he gave directions to go to his brother-in-law, Duchray, and tell him that he, the prisoner, would be allowed to be present at the baptism of his supposedly posthumous child, which was shortly to take place. He would be invisible to all but Duchray, whom he implored to throw an iron knife over his head by which means he would be restored once more to his wife and family. The baptism took place in due course, and Duchray was there, but threw no knife. Whether he did not see his brother-in-law, or whether he thought that the world was doing just as well without him, we shall never know; but the knife was not thrown and Kirk returned to fairy-land, where presumably he still remains. At any rate, the story is one among many which shows the great sanctity in which iron has been held throughout the centuries.

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THE COURSE OF CONVERSION

IV. THE NEWER GENERATION

By G. K. CHESTERTON

WHEN the convert has once seen the world like that, with one balance of ideas and a number of other ideas that have left it and lost their balance, he does not, in fact, experience any of the inconveniences that he might reasonably have feared before that silent but stunning revolution. He is not worried by being told that there is something in Spiritualism or something in Christian Science. He knows there is something in everything. But he is moved by the more impressive fact that he finds everything in something. And he is quite sure that if these investigators really are looking for everything, and not merely looking for anything, they will be more and more likely to look for it in the same place.

In that sense, he is far less worried about them than he was when he thought that one or other of them might be the only person having any sort of communication with the higher mysteries and obviously rather capable of making a mess of it. He is no more likely to be overawed by the fact that Mrs. Eddy achieved spiritual healing or Mr. Home achieved bodily levitation than a fully dressed gentleman in Bond Street would be overawed by the top-hat on the head of a naked savage. A top-hat may be a good hat but it is a bad costume. And a magnetic trick may be a sufficient sensation but it is a very insufficient philosophy. He is no more envious of a Bolshevist for making a revolution than a beaver for making a dam; for he knows his own civilization can make things on a pattern not quite so simple or so monotonous. But he believes this of his civilization and his religion, and not merely of himself. There is nothing supercilious about his attitude; because he is well aware that he has only scratched the surface of the spiritual estate that is now open to him. In other words, the convert does not in the least abandon investigation or even adventure. He does not think he knows everything, nor has he lost curiosity about the things he does not know. But experience has taught him that he will find nearly everything somewhere inside that estate and that a very large number of people are finding next to nothing outside it.

For this is one of the very queerest of the common delusions about what happens to the convert. In some muddled way, people have confused the natural remarks of converts, about having found moral peace, with some idea of their having found mental rest, in the sense of mental inaction. They might as well say that a man who has completely recovered his health, after an attack of palsy or St. Vitus's dance, signalizes his healthy state by sitting absolutely still like a stone. Recovering his health means recovering his power of moving in the right way as distinct from the wrong way; but he will probably move a great deal more than before. To become a Catholic is not to leave off thinking, but to learn how to think. The Catholic convert finds himself for the first time with a starting-point for straight and strenuous thinking. He has for the first time a way of testing the truth in any question that he raises. As the world goes, especially at present, it is the other people, the heathens and the heretics, who seem to have every virtue except the power of connected thought. There was, indeed, a brief period when a small minority did some hard thinking on the heathen or heretical side. It barely lasted from the time of Voltaire to the time of Huxley. It has now entirely disappeared. What is now called free thought is valued, not because it is free thought, but because it is freedom from thought; because it is free thoughtlessness.

Nothing is more amusing to the convert, when his conversion has been complete for some time, than to hear the speculations about when or whether he will repent of the conversion; at what stage of his external exasperation he will start up and say he can bear it no more. For all this is founded on that optical illusion about the outside and inside. The outsiders stand by and see, or think they see, the convert entering with bowed head a sort of small temple which they are convinced is fitted up inside like a prison, if not a torture-chamber. But all they really know about it is that he has passed through a door. They do not know that he has not gone into the inner darkness, but out into the broad daylight. It is he who is, in the beautiful and beatific sense of the word, an outsider. He does not want to go into a larger room, because he does not know of any larger room to go into. He knows of a large number of much smaller rooms, each of which is labeled as being very large; but he is quite sure he would be cramped in any of them. Each of them professes to be a complete cosmos or scheme of all things; but then so does the cosmos of the Clapham set or the Clapton Agapomene.

But each of these cosmic systems or machines seems to him much smaller and even much simpler than the broad and balanced universe in which he lives. One of them is labeled agnostic; but he knows by experience that it has not really even the freedom of ignorance. It is a wheel that must always go round without a single jolt of miraculous interruption—a circle that must not be squared by any higher mathematics of mysticism; a machine that must be scoured as clean

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of all spirits as if it were the avowed machine of materialism. In living in a world with two orders, the supernatural and the natural, the convert feels he is living in a larger world and does not feel any temptation to crawl back into a smaller one. One of them is labeled theosophical or Buddhistic; but he knows by experience that it is only the same sort of wearisome wheel used for spiritual things instead of material things. Living in a world where he is free to do anything, even to go to the devil, he does not see why he should tie himself to the wheel of a mere destiny. One of them is labeled humanitarian; but he knows that such humanitarians have really far less experience of humanity. He knows that they are thinking almost entirely of men as they are at this moment in modern cities, and have nothing like the huge human interest of what began by being preached to legionaries in Palestine and is still being preached to peasants in China.

So clear is this perception that I have sometimes put it to myself, as something between a melancholy meditation and a joke. "Where should I go now, if I did leave the Catholic Church?" I certainly would not go to any of those little social sects which only express one idea at a time, because that idea happens to be fashionable at the moment. The best I could hope for would be to wander away into the woods and become, not a pantheist (for that is also a limitation and a bore) but rather a pagan, in the mood to cry out that some particular mountain peak or flowering fruit tree was sacred and a thing to be worshiped. That, at least, would be beginning all over again; but it would bring me back to the same problem in the end. If it was reasonable to have a sacred tree, it was not unreasonable to have a sacred crucifix.

I know very well that if I went upon that journey, I should either despair or return; and that none of the trees would ever be a substitute for the real sacred tree. Paganism is better than pantheism, for paganism is free to imagine divinities, while pantheism is forced to pretend, in a priggish way, that all things are equally divine. But I should not imagine any divinity that was sufficiently divine. I seem to know that weary return through the woodlands; for I think in some symbolic fashion I have walked that road before. For as I have tried to confess here without excessive egotism, I think I am the sort of man who came to Christ from Pan and Dionysus and not from Luther or Laud; that the conversion I understand is that of the pagan and not the Puritan; and upon that antique conversion is founded the whole world that we know. It is a transformation far more vast and tremendous than anything that has been meant for many years past, at least in England and America, by a sectarian controversy or a doctrinal division. On the height of that ancient empire and that international experience, humanity had a vision. It has not had another; but only quarrels about that one. Paganism was the largest thing in the world; Christianity was larger; and all else has been comparatively small.

Nothing is more notable, if we really study the characteristics of the rising generation, than the fact that they are not acting upon any exact and definite philosophy, such as those which have made the revolutions of the past. If they are anarchical, they are not anarchist. The dogmatic anarchism of the middle of the nineteenth century is not the creed they hold, or even the excuse they offer. They have a considerable negative revolt against religion, a negative revolt against negative morality. They have a feeling, which is not unreasonable, that to commit themselves to the Catholic citizenship is to take responsibilities that continually act as restraints. But they do not maintain anything like a contrary system of spiritual citizenship, or moral responsibility. For instance, it is perfectly natural that they should want to act naturally. But they do not want to act naturally according to any intellectual theory of the reliability of nature. On the contrary, their young and brilliant literary representatives are very prone to press upon us the crudity and cruelty of nature. That is the moral of Mr. Aldous Huxley, and of many others. State to them any of the consistent theories of the supreme claim of nature upon us, such as the pantheistic idea of God in all natural things; or the Nietzschean theory that nature is evolving something with superior claims to our own; and they will almost certainly reject it as something unproved or exploded. They do not want to have an exact imitation of the laws of the physical universe; they want to have their own way, a much more intelligible desire. But the result is that they are, after all, at a disadvantage in face of those other young people who have satisfied their reason by a scheme that makes the universe reasonable.

For that is the very simple explanation of the affair. In so far as there is really a succession among the young, it is but a part of the same process as that conversion of the young, of which I wrote in the first chapter. The rising generation sees the real issue; and those who are ready for it rally, and those who are not ready for it scatter. But there can be but one end to a war between a solid and a scattered army. It is not a controversy between two philosophies, as was the Catholic and the Calvinist, or the Catholic and the materialist. It is a controversy between philosophers and philanderers. I do not say it in contempt; I have much more sympathy with the person who leaves the Church for a love affair than with one who leaves it for a long-winded German theory to prove that God is evil or that children are a sort of morbid monkey. But the very laws of life are against the endurance of a revolt that rests on nothing but natural passion; it is bound to change in its proportion with the coming of experience; and, at the worst, it will become a battle between bad Catholics and good Catholics, with the great dome over all.

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THE RIPE OLD AGE OF TEN

By HELEN WALKER

I WISH I could go back to that ripe old age. But in the present period of my senescence, all that can be done is to survey the long aeons that have passed since then, and memory having failed as well as other faculties, recall what will come back of its own accord out of that rapturous past. It is, as all people of my mature generation should agree (provided they be truthful) in estimates of themselves, the only intelligent age we ever know.

Perhaps you will pause a moment, you be-spectacled, elderly, scholarly readers of books—you who have spent long years in universities and longer years in the world in the study of books, reading of books, and acquiring of books—yea, even those of you who have made the writing or criticism of books your business in life—perhaps you will pause and consider the truth of this: the only really intelligent reader is the child.

Is there a grown-up who can bring to the reading of a book the qualities possessed by any child at that magnificent, ample time of life—that believing epoch, when the eyes of the mind are clear and fresh, when the imagination is hardy, vibrant and palpitating, when play is by far the only serious business of life? Those of us who have passed that first decimal mark, have indeed gone into an over-ripe old age where minds are dimmed with scepticism and tainted with disbelief, disillusion, and too much knowledge—where imaginations are soft and "squshy" (to employ the far superior vocabulary of the ripe old age of ten) with too close a proximity to a dull and horrible materialism.

If we are not, at the present moment, wearing hats, at least let us take off our spectacles to our intellectual superiors, the children. The books, themselves, have whispered to me that the only reason they tolerate us at all, is because, though at times it seems difficult to believe, we ourselves have once been children—once fluttered and thrilled to a fine rapture they were able to give us then, but which is now utterly lost.

"But," I have whispered back to them, "surely only education and experience can appreciate books."

"Bah!" they have replied. "Do you think that education and experience can replace that actual *living* the book that was yours when you were ten? Don't you remember, on long winter evenings, how you actually were the beautiful, slim princess who let down her long, golden hair from her tower-prison to form a rope-ladder for the handsome, rescuing prince?"

"But at that time I had freckles, a snub nose, and short black hair," I have remonstrated. "Moreover, my figure, if such it could be called, was rotund and what is known as chubby. Now how could I—"

"Nevertheless, you were the beautiful, slim, golden-haired princess," they have interrupted authoritatively.

Ah, yes, I was—that is the truth of it—so who shall blame me for wishing myself back in that glorious age?

At that time, one had one's existence in all the fairy-tales—a wealth of experience and exciting circumstance that surely the most eventful and adventuresome mature life can never hope to approach within a thousand miles. Not even Mr. William Beebe's. For while he may have journeyed in a glass-bottomed boat to view the wonders of a tropical sea-bed, yet has he ever cruised east of the moon and west of the sun in a golden barque with mother-of-pearl sails? Mr. Roosevelt may have captured the ovis-poli, but has he ever conquered a shimmering dragon with emerald eyes and fiery tongue? What are the triumphs of our famous aviators compared to the glory of superbly riding the air on the magic carpet from Bagdad? All these are but mere amateurs—the only age at which they really conquered distance, sea, earth, and air was at the ripe old age of ten.

Blessed be the Brothers Grimm, Hans Christian Andersen, Andrew Lang, and George MacDonald! A libel long current among hard-headed materialists against the fairy-tale is that it always throws a wrong perspective on life by coloring it with a too impossible optimism. Not all these heroes and heroines "lived happily ever after." As one looks back, one feels that sometimes there was something about the Brothers Grimm, even in spite of the beauty of their tales, a little suggestive of their name—for surely the story of The Fisherman and His Wife spells bleak disaster for those not wisely temperate in their enjoyment of the gifts of the gods. Hans Andersen's Little Match-Girl is one of the saddest things in literature. One only mentions these to show that this experience of childhood, gained through the living of books, has its grave as well as its gay—and haven't the wisest taught us that only of such commingling is the most rounded-out life achieved?

Andrew Lang used the colors of the rainbow in naming his fairy-books, and rightly so, for hope is the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, and the proper heritage only of children, who alone can know it unalloyed.

As for George MacDonald, that gentle Scotch dominie wrote his Princess and the Goblin, and At the Back of the North Wind, for children, yet are their pages full of a spirituality and mysticism, and a delicious, subtle humor older readers may well hunger for—but he did not deem it wise to waste it on them. He wrote for the intelligent readers—the children. The goblins, those fearful creatures with enormous misshapen heads, and soft feet with no toes, rebels

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against a good king, could only be scattered by a "great shining light in whose rays appeared a white dove," and the presence of these ever resulted in their confusion. But when supernatural powers chose not to take a hand but to let the Princess and Curdie work things out for themselves, then the only defense against the evil ones was verse, for, wrote George MacDonald, "they hated verse of every kind, and some kinds they could not endure at all. I suspect they could not make any themselves, and that was why they disliked it so much."

Do you remember how, in At the Back of the North Wind, "Diamond had not been out so late before in all his life, and things looked strange about him—just as if he had got into Fairyland, of which he knew quite as much as anybody; for his mother had no money to buy books to set him wrong on the subject. I [says the author] have seen this world look as strange as ever I saw Fairyland. But I confess that I have not yet seen Fairyland at its best. I am always going to see it so sometime."

When Diamond, for the moment, had lost Lady North Wind in the lonely, dark garden, "he came to the conclusion that whether he was in a dream or not, there could be no harm in crying a little; he could begin whenever he liked." The author goes on to say that "I don't mind people crying so much as I mind what they cry about, and how they cry—whether they cry quietly like ladies and gentlemen, or go shrieking like vulgar emperors, or ill-natured cooks; for all emperors are not gentlemen, and all cooks are not ladies."

Kenneth Grahame knew, and called it The Golden Age. At that time, he says, "these elders, our betters by a trick of chance, commanded no respect, but only a certain blend of envy of their good luck, and pity for their inability to make use of it. Indeed, it was one of the most hopeless features of their character . . . that, having absolute license to indulge in the pleasures of life, they could get no good out of it. They might dabble in the pond all day, hunt the chickens, climb trees in the most uncompromising Sunday clothes; they were free to fire cannons and explode mines on the lawn—yet they never did any of these things . . . To anything but appearances they were blind. For them, the orchard (a place elf-haunted, wonderful!) simply produced so many apples and cherries . . . They were unaware of Indians, nor recked they anything of pirates with pistols, though the whole placed swarmed with such portents."

Indeed, it did. The back-stairs at night were enchanted, and one could only defeat the genie who guarded them and successfully mount, by going two steps up and one step down, meticulously treading, no matter how an impatient nurse at the top might scold. Charms had to be recited to pass safely the big jardinière in the hall that was inhabited by a witch, for only on the solemn pronouncement of "hazel-nut, hazel-nut, wild apple tree; jiggernut, jaugernut, quijigeree," did one escape from being transformed into a fawn.

At times, you were yourself a fairy, clad in sparkling gossamer raiment, with a wand of silver tipped by a glowing star (though your elders saw only a fat little girl in a brown "sailor-suit," running about and touching objects with the bent, wire rib of an abandoned umbrella.) And this all because you were an intelligent reader, in the prime of your life at the ripe old age of ten. (The books have told me as much.)

Nor were reading and "make-believe" the only joys of that epoch, for the carnal nature then rejoiced in food as at no other epoch. The delectable ginger cookie complemented and made gloriously complete the intellectual rhapsody of The Wizard of Oz. (" 'Oh, no, my dear—I may be a bad wizard, but I'm a good humbug.' ") No adult king with all the treasures of the world ever experienced a keener pleasure.

Then there were the fascinating speculations that arose in one's mind as one read. A certain book of European folk-lore ended each story happily with the wedding feast of the prince and princess in full swing, but the concluding sentence in each story always read: "And they feasted for forty days and forty nights, and I, too, was there—only all the mead I drank ran down my beard."

This tongue-in-the-cheek attitude of the relator was rather baffling and disappointing; but perhaps, one figured, it was only that he was opposed to liquor and purposely spurned it.

No, it comes only once in a lifetime, and all you be-spectacled, mature readers who feel with superiority that you can easily reclaim this ripe old age of ten and become once again really intelligent readers, put yourselves to a test. Pick up The Blue Fairy Book, steal a handful of ginger cookies from the pantry when the cook isn't looking, and faring forth into the back-yard, do you "shinny" (vocabulary, again, aetat ten—superbly expressive) up the old apple tree to that familiar, comfortable crotch—the best reading vantage in the world . . . Ah, you see how difficult it is! In fact, it really cannot be done.

Nursery Nocturne

The stars have netted the sea tonight,
The lights in the harbor wobble,
Wouldn't it be a great delight
To row in the new moon coble
To the Lullay Islands: just we two
And all night long we'd fish
With a comet for bait and a line night-blue
For a slippery, silvery wish:
We'd take it to folk who seldom have caught
A silvery wish or a golden thought!

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

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FOOTBALL IS A FUNNY GAME!

By JAMES J. WALSH

FOOTBALL has become such a serious sport that the title of this article seems questionable. A foreign university professor visiting the United States not long ago on academic purposes, declared that he found the accounts written about football in this country, and evidently read widely and with satisfaction, the funniest literature it has ever been his good fortune to encounter. As evidence he produced an article in which a well-known football writer described the scene in the dressing-room of a defeated team just after a big game.

The team of one of the major universities had been beaten when everyone had expected it would win. "The preliminary dope had failed to register." (The professor found this slang frequent and piquant in American university matters.) In contrast to the noisy clamor just outside, there was the most absolute silence in the dressing-room. The defeat was too poignant for words. This was the game of the year, the game for which they had trained particularly and felt that nothing was too much to do—and now it was over and their work for six months had been all in vain. Life held nothing more worth while. As they removed their football togs for others, they gathered around one of the players whose shoulder had been dislocated during the game, to sympathize with him, and as they tried to tell him brokenly the outstanding points of how the game was lost, the tears rolled down their cheeks. This sad scene with the dressing-room fairly swimming in tears proved too much for the visitor from abroad.

When I talked to him about it, I tried to insist that this was an extremely exceptional case, but he assured me that he had read other reports like it, and he added that if I cared to look through the literature of football I could find any number of descriptions of corresponding scenes of heartrending sadness in manly youth over the loss of a football game. He said that when he studied Greek, he and his college friends used to be very much amused over the way the old Greeks so easily wept and were not ashamed to display their grief. Even strong-hearted warriors publicly melted into tears and did not seem to think it necessary to repress their feelings. Young collegians used to think that we moderns had changed all that. But now it is evident that Horace's dictum remains as true as ever—"You can push out human nature with a fork, but it will come back again." There has been a reversion to old ways under the primitive urge of football. Anyone who thinks that the old Greeks wept more readily than we do should consult the football annals and see how copiously our young football giants weep.

The professor had been nosing into the literature of football just to get the point of view of the young men themselves. He had turned up a very touching story by Grantland Rice, recalling in similarly lachrymose terms the famous occasion on which Columbia beat Yale. On that unique occasion, Charlie Mapes of Columbia was especially overcome. I wonder if any Greek warrior ever excelled him as Mapes himself told the story: "I shall never forget it. Columbia had beaten Yale. Tears running down my cheeks, shaken by emotion, I could not speak, let alone cheer." (Poor fellow, one must pity him. Who said that tears and joy are so close in the human heart? It takes football to bring out the truth of that.) "My best girl was with me." (Poor thing!) "She gave one quick, half-frightened glance." (How could she do anything else with this big strong man, whom she admired so much, just melting away in tears? I suppose she feared that there might be nothing left to go home with.) Mr. Mapes added, "I believe she almost realized all I felt. She was all gold."

But there is much more of this sentimental tale for the benefit of the public which feels there is nothing in the world quite so important as winning a football game. Mr. Mapes continued, "I feel now the timid little pressure on my arm as she tried to help me gain control of myself. God! Why has life so few such moments?" Of course, they married and lived happily ever after. And then Grantland Rice adds, "There you have the soul and spirit of football."

Of course, what you really have, is plain hysteria—always an amazing and amusing phase of poor human nature. We now have a single-word definition for hysteria. It is super-suggestibility—that is, over-readiness to take suggestions because of lack of control of the nervous system. There is ever so much more of it in our generation than we had any idea of until the war opened our eyes. "Shell-shock" was nearly all hysteria. It is not the so-called strenuous existence in America that makes us neurotic, as much as it is taking our sport too seriously. Some of the sport-writers recognize that fact. Here is an instance from Grantland Rice: "Three season ago, Ohio State won two or three of her "big ten" championship games in the last minute of play; with only a few seconds left, a forward pass sailing through the air brought on the miracle." (Only the very strongest words are quite strong enough to tell the tale of football events when an enthusiastic sport-writer is behind the pen.) "And when that season was over, every Ohio State follower had to seek a nerve specialist for repair."

Of course, the writer's expression is only an exaggeration for humorous purposes, but the reason it is

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a joke is because of the soupçon of truth that is behind it. Is it any wonder that neurologists associate football and hysteria when even the sport-writers see it so clearly? Intensity of this kind, especially over trifling affairs in which the interest has to be worked up artificially, tends to make people, especially young people, hysterical. That is why crowds at football or baseball games get so excited that they sometimes do things almost impossible to understand among civilized people. That is what makes for the multiplication of accidents in motoring to and from games. The nervous excitement involved, superadded to youthful impulsiveness, lessens self-control to a marked degree. Under the circumstances, tragedy and humor draw close till but a line divides them.

The worst of it is that the hysteria spreads to the crowd and affects a great many people. Thousands will sit in a football stadium in the wet and rain, risking pneumonia and all sorts of serious ills, to watch a so-called football game, which is really more of a modification of water polo than football.

College papers sometimes hint that scholarship for its own sake, especially as pursued by the "greasy grind," is essentially narrow and selfish. One very serious college editor insisted that the really generous student is the one who works, not for the cultivation of his own mind, but for the glory of his alma mater. But the foreign professor was glad to find that at least some of our college instructors objected to this point of view, and he read a quotation from Professor Grandgent of Harvard which quite met with his approval: "As if a college could derive glory from anything but the fulfilment of its proper mission—the cultivation of the individual minds entrusted to it." Professor Grandgent added: "The altruistic tone assumed by devotees of college amusements is peculiarly irritating. I am willing that children should make mud pies; it is their nature, but when they begin to declare that they are making mud pies, not for their own delectation, but for the embellishment of their city, it is time that they were sent on errands for their mothers."

Now I would not, for a moment, have it thought that I am poking fun at football. That would be dreadful, for football makes the melancholy fall of the year which might otherwise prove so depressing, quite bearable. It is only that I feel deeply that if we are missing any fun in football, it is too bad. That man is a risible animal, is as good a definition as that he is a rational animal. Indeed, some of us think it better, because it is easier to make the distinction. Whenever you can laugh quietly at yourself, you are sane. The insane are nearly always people who take themselves too seriously. Just now, in the matter of football, the academic classes of this country are taking themselves too seriously. The foreign professor would like to see them laugh a little at themselves over each increasingly funny football season.

HOW A BOOK WAS BORN

By ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN

(Mr. Chrisman, the author of Shen of the Sea, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, was awarded the John Newbery Medal for the most distinguished contribution to American children's literature during 1925 at the conference of the American Library Association held in Atlantic City in October of this year. In the present article Mr. Chrisman relates just how and why Shen came into being.—The Editors.)

THY servant writes:—

On a chill November evening in the year it-doesn't-matter, a solitary horseman might have been seen, slowly wending his way along a barren, blasted pitch of the Coast Range. I was that horseman. I was solitary because my steed was too exaggeratedly slow to keep up with his fellows. A sword-hung brigand, I, and my face was made up, and my mind was made up—I was to be a worshiped "movie-star." But, alas, the casting directors, dull fellows, did not know this thing. Even today they persist in their darkness.

It was only now and then, and a scarcity of both, that I could find a day's work in the studios. Money was playing its well-known vanishing act. Naturally, I reduced expenses to the lowest common denominator. California fruit was cheap, even in California. Therefore, I cast out the flesh-pots, and put my trust in fruits. The quaintest shop I knew was kept by a roly-poly man from China, a person of unexpected laughter, and boy-like, sage-like face. Proprietor and shop alike intrigued (no article is complete without that word) me. Nearly all of my not large dealings were done at the place of "How Doo." How Doo, of course, wasn't the man's name, but it's what he often said, so I promptly fastened it upon him. It's merely a little trick of mine.

Our business relations were highly satisfactory—to me, at least. Not once did I receive a leaden quarter from How Doo. (Though how often, oh, how often, from others!) Not once did I receive a sprouted, juice-dried orange, or an apple far better thrown away. Pleasant fruits I bought there—even the cucumbers had their good points.

How Doo had books, and the books—but I have already used intrigued. As we grew more sociably acquainted, I would say to my friend, "What latest blurb-carrier are you reading? Is it Cloak and Sword, or The Great Open Spaces?" He would squint quizzically and answer, "Chinese book. This is good. Very old." Occasionally he would give me a limping sketch of the thing that pleased him. And I, with no excuse whatever, times in number, neglected to take notes. Nevertheless, the shopman's little outlines did lead me on. For a long while I had been clicking turnstiles in the library. I now set about reading travel books, and translations from the Chinese.

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And then, one day I picked up Enormous Name Magazine and read a perfectly gorgeous story of the man-a-day killings indulged in by a suave gentleman from Shanghai. (Sometimes it's Singapore.) Let there be an election of villains, and the man from Shanghai gets my vote. A hundred victims, and never the same weapon used twice. But, even though the story aroused my interest, it also drew harsh comment. "Bunk. Every Chinese in the picture is a rascal. Only the whites are pure. And the atmosphere (use the first word again) just bunk. Why, *I* could do better than that."

True it is, I was the one with the peacock's self in those olden days. I had read a few books. I knew a few Chinese words. I invented what I called a plot, inserted a few peaceful, jolly, law-fearing characters, and in the course of time imagined I had written a story. Surely you can easily believe that I sent my little masterpiece to Enormous Name Magazine. But not for worlds would I say definitely whether Enormous Name accepted the story, or sent me a "we regret" slip. Rule—always keep the reader in suspense.

From my Chinese yarn I turned to writing epigrams —bitter things (I was young)—some so searing that they actually landed in print. But the day came when my money was gone. I removed to the East and settled down to honest labor. I've never had a sovereign body. I couldn't work by day and scribble at night. So the writing languished. Still, there are holidays. At widely spaced intervals I sold a tiny verse, or a joke, or a now less scathing epigram. And at last I wrote another Chinese story—and sold it. And, after a great while, another. I wrote half-a-dozen—and then my power of invention fell flat.

For long I had known that my only possible chance to win any recognition lay in a book. And the book was still unwritten, and imagination had divorced me. But I had heard a few, had read many, of the ancient Chinese stories, and liked them. After the customary deep thought, I came by a scheme. "These stories have lived, some of them, a thousand years. Evidently there's something to them. Why not use them to help put my own stories across? Make a half-and-half book." So that is Shen of the Sea—half mine, and half thine—O Wang and Woo, and Wing Sam Wen—if you ever were!

Should a scholar give Shen a glance, he'd rave, and probably come for my head. I made many changes, some that displease even me. I took great liberties with historical persons, but have an excuse on tongue. Chinese biography is much like our own. The joke that was told of Garfield is now accounted to Taft. And if any scholar *does* honor me with a cudgeling (sweet is publicity!) if one *does* say, "This book is awful," I'll likely be able to produce another authority who will say, "No such thing. I approve it." Though in sorrow I admit, his statement will be, not because he really likes Shen, but for reason of the first learned one's condemnation. Scholars are like that. Even so, I admire them, and if I had the head, would be one. In fact, just at present, I'd rather be than see one.

Another fear is that the Chinese themselves may be displeased. That would hurt. It really would grieve me to have them read unkindness in my nonsense makings. I have a great respect for the Chinese people. No one takes their side quicker. True, I have drawn their mighty ones doing some extremely foolish things—but their own story-tellers are never happier than when doing precisely that. The graduate up a tree, the priest shorn of his dignity—those are the tales that bring coins to the bowl.

In a little while I shall visit my dreamland, China —when, as, and if General Motors takes another climb. The trip—as well as General Motors—should be profitable. (But don't gamble.) I shall know exactly what to look for—confusion and strange beauty, poverty and drabness, cotton garb and broidered fine stuffs—perchance, if I'm lucky, a lusty yarn. I'll not expect the Yellow River purple, nor hope to see flesh and alive dragons, nor cats that bark, nor dogs that mewyll. And, of course, my anticipations will go to wreck. The unexpected will strike me at every turn, and I'll have the craziest possible adventures. I always do.

But the wise man, Hai Pong, had a slave whose sole duty was to snatch away the master's ink slab when a hundred words had been written. An excellent idea. This humble person wishes you the five happinesses. Walk slowly.

A Little Girl Comes to Visit

Old house, you need no longer be so staid.
Smile now—for soon upon your silent stairs,
Quick feet will sound again, and chubby legs
Will dangle from your tall, plush-cushioned chairs.

A laughing, curl-framed face will gayly tint
Time-misted mirrors, and a little head
Will dimple pillows, stiffly smooth; a sweet
Small body warm the chill, four-poster bed!

Old garden, standing quiet, laugh aloud!
With butterflies, along your paths she'll run,
Her skirts as perky as your hollyhocks,
Her hair ashimmer at the touch of sun!

Perennials, whose certain loveliness
Is beauty grown familiar to our eyes,
Lift up your heads—phlox, larkspur, pinks—
One comes who will behold you with surprise!

Old house, old garden, now give welcome, sing
To her who comes upon you, wondering!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

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STORY-TELLING SECRETS

By MARY T. WAGGAMAN

(Mary T. Waggaman is one of the most experienced and successful among Catholic writers for children. Her remarks on the craft as given in this article are reinforced by a lengthy array of stories and volumes notable among which is Josephine-Marie.—The Editors.)

SOME of us "old-timers" may remember the story-books handed out to us by our mothers and grandmothers, tales of preternaturally perfect girls (and even boys) devoid of all the spirit of exuberant youth. These archaic volumes are, I hope, happily consigned to a literary limbo, but the memory remains with some of us to mark the advance of the Catholic juvenile in wisdom and grace as well as charm.

For children must have their story-tellers as the growing demand for them in our civic playgrounds shows. I can still recall with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, my own first efforts in that line when, as a very small convent girl, I was able to hold an audience of still smaller listeners quite breathless with interest in my narrations, until a dear practical-minded teacher told me I must always preface my stories by the statement that they were not true. I obeyed, of course, as in those far-off days all little convent girls did, but it was a real trial, a clipping of sprouting wings.

That prefatory remark took all the élan from my flights of fancy, for what was the use of telling things that were frankly, openly, confessedly, almost shamelessly not true? So I gave up my story-telling and, indeed, for years was regarded as rather dull in what was then termed "composition." Later on I resumed the business more successfully and I was engaged in other literary work when, by a kind ruling of Providence, I was led into the Catholic juvenile field.

My oldest son, a lively boy of eleven, was to make his First Communion and I looked about me for some "spiritual reading" that might supplement his more serious instruction, something in a cheerful vein that I could read to him at bedtime when boys are supposed to be in a receptive mood. Not finding just what I wished, I decided to steal time from my other work and write him a story whose higher lessons could be interspersed with the escapades and thrills necessary to hold boyish interest.

Though really not intended for publication, this First Communion story was brought out afterward in book form and was so kindly received that I followed it with others and so made my entrance into a field where I have found inspiration and reward not to be measured by earthly gain.

To the casual reader, juvenile writing may seem light and easy work, and, of course, it can be made so by writers who feel that it is unnecessary to expend any great effort on stories for children, that almost any simple thing will do. But I have never taken this viewpoint. I can truthfully say that I have given to my juvenile readers the best that is in me. I have brought to this seemingly simple work the literary experience of many years. I have considered plot, detail, diction and, when necessary for accuracy in description, I have made painstaking research. I think my young readers may have been, in some subtle way, conscious of this sincerity, so warm and sweet and altogether charming have I found their response to my efforts.

My juvenile correspondence has been most varied and extensive. Single letters, combined letters from schools and classes, letters from young writers evidently struggling with the first difficulties of chirography, letters assuring me of most devoted and unmerited affection and hoping that I may "never die" but live on to write stories "forever," letters from India, the Philippines, Alaska and the length and breadth of our land tell me of dear little readers, whom I shall never see on earth, but who remember me, they assure me, before their far-away altars and in their innocent prayers. And as I think the atmosphere of a Catholic story, like that of a Catholic school, is too permeating to be unfelt, I have been surprised at the friendly spirit with which non-Catholic parents have accepted my little books for their children. They found "nothing objectionable" in them. Well—perhaps not, but, as I was reassured on this point by a friendly bishop, "You do not begin your stories with the sign of the Cross, but nevertheless it is there."

Yet, while faithfully upholding this sacred standard, we should not lightly lessen its dignity. "Avoid the legendary," was the terse advice given by a Paulist father to a class of teachers under his supervision. And though to the Catholic story-tellers, in their less serious work, the legendary is an alluring region—a "fairy ground of faith" which seems almost their fitting bailiwick, I think that even for us this priestly counsel is wise.

In simpler times, this blending of truth and fancy had no perils, but to the eager questioning minds of our day that reach on all sides with blatant challenge to the Faith we hold, the truth should stand out clear and defined to our children, with no veiling of fancy. Even the dear Irish fairies we all know and love, were sternly forbidden "holy ground." But enough of my "story-telling secrets" which I have been asked to tell.

It is cheering for an old writer to know that the field of her endeavor is echoing with younger and stronger voices, more virile tones. The college, the camp, the ball field, all the glad and glorious activities of boy life have found narrators, many of them priests who, backed by all the dignity of their sacred office, still can be boys with their boys. And the girls are not less fortunate. Trained and often consecrated

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teachers have become story-tellers, realizing the need of Catholic fiction to resist the poisoned flood of light literature that is arousing wise national alarm, fiction that is true to nature and nature's God, and rich with the warmth, the glow, the beauty of that Mother Church from whose stores the artists and poets of all ages have had to borrow even while they denied her sway. Of that warmth, that glow, that beauty, the child's story should have its rightful share, so to that ever-growing number of Catholic writers who are making of juvenile literature a labor of love for the Master's beloved little ones, I would speak a most hearty—and fervent—Godspeed.

A LIBRARY HABITCHOO

By PHILOMENA HART

EVERY public library has a group of them. The smaller the library, the more easily may they be recognized. It was one of the most prevalent ones in our library who gave himself the title. An unwitting new janitor had presumed to give him directions about a faulty step. "I know all about it," he said with great hauteur. "I'm one of the library habitchoos."

He had come to us first, a small boy, bent on a breathless errand for his teacher. "I want a book about Salt Water Allie, please." Allie sounded to us like a denizen of the juvenile department. "Ask downstairs," we advised easily. A few minutes later there was a frantic ring on our departmental telephone. "Have you any idea what that child you sent us is looking for? We've trotted out all the seagoing children we can think of, but none seems to be named Allie." "Send him up, and we'll try," we offered with more valor than discretion. The boy returned to us with great hauteur. Slow-moving folk, these library-teachers. We attacked Melville, McFee, Masefield, Conrad, and Kipling to no avail. None sang the saga of Salt Water Allie. We begged the boy for a more complete name. We even tried to shake his story; but Salt Water Allie and only Salt Water Allie was his platform and he stuck to it.

Finally, our head had an inspiration: "Did your teacher tell you a story about him? What did he do?" "Sure"—our patron was pleased at this glow of intelligence—"she read us how he spread out his cloak for the queen to walk on." "Oh," we chimed in chorus—"Sir Walter Raleigh." And we cursed our phonetics for having deserted us in our hour of need.

Now, even that he is grown up and a library habitchoo by his own rating, he still reads by ear. "Four Horses on the Acropolis" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Garbage Patch" were, he told us, strongly recommended by neighbors. And he always spoke of a book on the inner life of Wilson's fidus Achates as "The Real Colonel Louse."

He feels an intensely personal interest in all the attendants in our department. When one of us married and left the circle, he was quite despondent for a time. But when he learned that she had married an editor who had been a faithful borrower, he brightened immediately and told the others cheerily, "Well, I'm sorry she got married. But since she married a habitchoo, I guess she'll be nearly as happy as if she was right here with us."

POEMS

To Lucy

Brunhilda rides across these stony fields;
The nymph, Cyrene, splashes in this sea
That to the shoreline of Connecticut
Draws and withdraws itself so steadily.

In this white house on a New England hill,
Elaine the Fair darns stockings and sews seams.
Tucked in beneath a patchwork quilt on this
Four-poster bed, the Sleeping Beauty dreams.

A square-paned gable-window opens wide
And All-Fair braids a ladder of her locks
That gild broad clapboards and delight the knight
Who hides behind the tallest hollyhocks.

So, Lucy, to a shy and spinster town,
You lend romance such as was never there—
And all because, my dear, and all because
You never bobbed your long and golden hair!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

My Top

I have a little top I spin
By pulling it with strings,
And when it's going round it's full
Of colors all in rings.
Last night I lay awake and thought
That if it weren't for me
My top would never dance around,
Or sing as happily.
And Nursie says the world itself
Is just a great big top
That's going round and round and round
And never seems to stop.
Oh dear! God must have lots of fun
With such a lovely toy!
Oh, well. My top is big enough
For just a little boy.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

The Convent Garden

Rose bushes lean against the wall;
They're weighty with their flowers.
They're beautiful throughout the day,
They scent the night-time hours.

We're mignonettes and candytufts,
But no one half supposes
That they would pick us little folks
When they could gather roses.

But when the month of June is gone
And rose blooms fade and falter,
The nuns are glad for little plants
To trim Our Lady's altar.

MARIE KIRKWOOD.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Caponsacchi

WALTER HAMPDEN has given New York audiences in Caponsacchi everything which he failed to provide in The Immortal Thief—the true glamour of the romantic play. Why this new dramatization of Robert Browning's poem, The Ring and the Book, was not selected for the first Hampden production of the season must remain a mystery. As a play, it is incomparably better than The Immortal Thief, and as an acting part for Mr. Hampden, Caponsacchi makes just those demands for spiritual fervor and romantic courage which, in Cyrano, brought out his finest powers.

The theme of the play, as arranged by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer, concerns a priest of Arezzo toward the end of the seventeenth century, who risks his life to save from torture and slow death the young wife of Count Guido Franceschini. In the quality of Caponsacchi's devotion to Pompilia, one finds nothing less than the theme of Dante and Beatrice or of Saint Francis and the Lady Clare. The play makes that abundantly clear. Here we have a man of noble birth, destined by his family for the priesthood, who has at once the instincts of the cavalier and adventurer and the whole-souled determination to live up to his vows and to attain the spiritual stature which, under other circumstances, he might never have reached. He has seen Pompilia once and read in her eyes a rare beauty of soul. But Guido, who has married her for her money, and without love, is plotting to rid himself of her. To give his scheme outward justification, Guido forges a correspondence between Caponsacchi and Pompilia. He wants to brand them before the world and then take advantage of the unwritten law.

At first, Caponsacchi refuses to interfere. But when he learns that Pompilia is to have a child, and that her only hope of safety is to flee to her family in Rome, he arranges for her escape and accompanies her as a knight-protector on her journey. Guido follows, and by bribing the landlord of an inn, obtains perjured evidence against his wife and Caponsacchi. He has them both arrested and brought before a papal court which sends Pompilia back to her parents and Caponsacchi to prison. But this does not meet Guido's purpose. Many months later, he learns that Pompilia has had her child. Pretending that the child is not his own, he comes to her home, murders her parents and then orders his men to kill Pompilia herself.

Once more, Guido and Caponsacchi are brought before the papal court. Guido pleads justifiable murder in self-defense. The evidence is obscure; Caponsacchi's story possible, but in the opinion of the court, unlikely. The sympathy of the Roman people is with Count Guido. But Pope Innocent XII, who, unknown to all, has listened to the entire story behind a great curtain, renders his verdict in favor of the heroic priest.

The intense dramatic suspense of this narrative is well maintained by the device of opening the play a moment before the trial. The Pope is lamenting the fact that the written evidence alone does not disclose enough. He must hear for himself the story of the two men and pray that his instinct may be guided toward the truth. The Pope conceals himself. The court opens its session. Guido tells his plausible story of an unfaithful wife and murder of the parents in self-defense. The court summons Caponsacchi. He tells them that he will try to make Pompilia live again before their eyes. Then the play begins. Bit by bit the truth behind the slanders of Guido unfolds. The audience, like the listening Pope, is in doubt. At the close of Caponsacchi's narrative, we are taken back to the court scene. The judges, influenced by public opinion, try to reach a compromise verdict. It is the Pope, whose prayers have guided him to the truth, who reverses their verdict, orders the execution of Guido and the restoration of Caponsacchi to his place of honor.

The telling of this story is fraught with many dangers. But nothing could be handled with more fearless beauty than this theme of a spiritual love rising to heroic heights. The present adapters of the Browning poem have done a worthy and distinguished piece of work which manages somehow to live and to have an amazing sense of present reality. The only criticism one might bring against it is in the handling of Count Guido. If so dark a villain ever lived, he is quite beyond ordinary human experience. If the play manages to hold its integrity of feeling in spite of this, it is because of the complete ascendency of the main theme which blots out the crudity of the Guido portrayal.

In the rôle of Caponsacchi, Mr. Hampden has, in fact, another Cyrano—a love that gains majesty through its complete self-denial. Perhaps that is why he has put into it that same surge of feeling and emotion which has made his Cyrano up to now his finest achievement. At all events, it is a superb piece of artistry. Miss Edith Barrett, of his permanent company, must share with him a place of high honor. Her Pompilia is memorable—poignant, simple, charged with exquisite and restrained beauty. Ernest Rowan, as Count Guido, suffers the handicap of playing a part without any gradations, too utterly black for belief, and with many exceedingly awkward entrances and exits. In his last scene of confession and terror—his only real chance—he does admirably. The scenic arrangements of Claude Bragdon are, as always, interesting and beautiful examples of variety with a great economy of material. If given my choice, I would rather see Mr. Hampden again in Caponsacchi than in Cyrano.

The Captive

THE consensus of opinion among critics would seem to be—so far—that Edouard Bourdet's La Prisonnière, presented in this country in a translation by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., under the name of The Captive, is a dignified and restrained and, theatrically speaking, effective treatment of a type of degeneracy hitherto barred from the stage. Two points, however, are generally left out of consideration. The first is whether the treatment is entirely honest. The second, and more important, is whether the subject matter itself should not remain permanently exiled as dramatic fare.

Like so many treatments of the more normal crimes and sins of the world, The Captive represents the sentimentalized school—a treatment which sheds glamour about the very thing it sets out to condemn, the kind of treatment, for example, that a skilful lawyer would use in behalf of a young and confessed murderer, a plea, in sum, for clemency, for moral

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extenuation. The more skilful the lawyer, the less he tries directly to excuse the crime and the more vigorously he bemoans the misguided youth of the murderer, or, in the case of a woman, her beauty and helplessness in the face of cosmic urges or deep provocations. Without going quite so far as this, The Captive, as both its French and English titles suggest, intimates that the guilt of its chief character is beyond the power of will to control.

The second aspect of this play—the subject itself as distinct from its treatment—raises the age-old question: "Is all of life fit material for the stage?" Those who regard the stage purely as a laboratory of art and ignore its social influences answer yes. If you are "to hold the mirror up to nature," they say, "you cannot exclude part of nature." Unfortunately for their argument, as any good physician knows, it is not always well to ask a sick patient to look at himself in the mirror. The sight of the havoc disease has wrought may only create a morbid fear which makes recovery almost impossible. In the case of some forms of moral degeneracy, the theatre can have, psychologically, precisely the same destructive effect, not so much through creating fear as through increasing morbid discussion and curiosity. The theatre offers the world's best study in mass psychology. Its audiences cannot be controlled like the attendance at a medical clinic, so that its effects must be judged, not in relation to mature groups, but to all those who can and will pay the price of admission. Without summoning the fanatics, it is quite certain that no general good can possibly come from a play with the subject matter of The Captive. It might, and quite probably will do incalculable harm.

Autumn Fire

IN THIS strong play of Irish country life, by T. C. Murray, with its skilful study of destructive jealousy, John L. Shine and his Irish players have brought a new note of sincerity to Broadway. The first act is a little weak in that it does not clearly state the problem which arises later with such tragic consequences. But the play gains quickly in power from then on, not forgetting its side excursions into native wit and character. In a generally excellent cast, the work of Una O'Connor as the morbidly jealous daughter and of Mr. Shine as the would-be youthful father stands out conspicuously. The play more than deserves the very favorable reviews it has received in the general press.

Mr. Murray's method bears certain interesting resemblances to that of Eugene O'Neill. In the first place, he lets his play develop from character rather than plot. It would have been quite possible to effect the breakdown and last illness of the father through some unexpected accident. Instead, it comes as the direct result of his own headstrong desire to prove his youthful vigor. He insists upon riding a vicious horse—he must show off before his intended young bride. This, like many other touches in the play, is what gives it its feeling of authenticity and removes it at once from the myriad plays which scratch only the surface of character.

In the second place, Mr. Murray wastes little time in moralizing. He takes his characters as they are and lets them do their best or their worst. The jealous daughter is, in fact, one of the most vivid portraits on our stage this season, not only by grace of Miss O'Connor's superb acting, but also by reason of the stark and smouldering ferocity of her lines. Born to poverty of looks as well as of mind, and left to the mercy of her misguided instincts, she has centered her whole satisfaction in life on the care of her aging father. She resents his attempts to appear young because she sees in his advancing age an increasing dependence on her help. She resents equally the youthful vitality of the young girl who comes into their lives, even before she suspects her father's infatuation, because she envies in another the things she herself has been denied. She hovers ominously over the action of the entire play, seeking in every base suspicion a justification for her warnings and her actions. In the end, it is her insinuations that bring the tragedy to a swift conclusion by pitting father against son. Surely a mordant character and yet, because sincerely drawn, not without sympathy. One understands her even while condemning her. It is for this artistry of characterization that Mr. Murray's work deserves the success it has attained abroad.

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BOOKS—FOR THE MORE OR LESS YOUTHFUL

JUVENILE BOOKS OF 1926

FROM out of the children's preferences let the selection be made of the best juvenile literature for the almost past year of 1926. If one follows these discriminating judges, and begins with the tiniest tot, one will select Félicité Lèfevre's Soldier Boy, with illustrations by Tony Sarg (Greenberg); Valery Carrick's Picture Folk Tales (Stokes); The Captain of the Clothespins, by James Sherman (Little, Brown, and Company); The Cock, The Mouse, and The Little Red Hen, by Félicité Lèfevre (Macrae Smith); and Peter Rabbit, by Beatrix Potter (Frederick Warne and Company.)

Puss-in-Boots, by Laurence Housman (D. Appleton and Company) with rhythmical adventures told in verse, such as:

> "Old Puss, I'm afraid
> You're no good for trade. . .
> Nice .....dream
> Mice.....cream. . .
> Requies cat in pace,"

is the type of book one gives to the father or mother who reads to the beginning child. In the same class, one places The Treasure Ship (Scribner's) with its compilations of story and verse by Lady Cynthia Asquith.

Christopher Robin is almost universally known since Milne gave him to the children in When We Were Very Young (Dutton.) All will hail his new book, Winnie-the-Pooh (Dutton) with delight. Winnie-the-Pooh is the name Christopher gave his favorite bear; but to quote Robin: "Winnie-the-Pooh! When I first heard his name I said, just as you are going to say, 'But I thought he was a boy.' 'So did I,' said Christopher Robin. 'Then you can't call him Winnie.' 'I don't. . . . He's Winnie-ther-Pooh. Don't you know what "ther" means?' 'Ah, yes, now I do,' I said quickly; and I hope you do too, because it is all the explanation you will get."

To the poetry-loving child, Proud Sir Pim, by Hugh Chesterman (D. Appleton) will appeal—especially to those who have begun with Rose Fyleman's Fairies and Chimneys (Doran); for the fairy-lover, under guidance, will become the poetry-lover.

From choice, a child, be he of the country, or the city, loves the fairies. From out of a year's reading, the figures of the libraries of one southern city were compiled, and fairy-tales "led all the rest." Hansel and Gretel, of the Brothers Grimm, illustrated by Kay Neilsen (Doran); The Donegal Wonder Book (Stokes) by Seumas McManus; all of Padraic Colum's books, particularly Children's Homer, illustrated by Willy Pogany (Macmillan) The Forge in the Forest, with pictures by Boris Artzybashieff (Macmillan) and The Voyagers, with pictures by Wilfrid Jones (Macmillan) can be selected without hesitancy.

From slightly earlier publications, Marie, Queen of Roumania's Naughty Kildeen (Stokes) might be included. Wonder Tales from Windmill Lands, by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Longmans, Green) with its fascinating stories of Sinterklaas and Pieterbaas, and of the man, who, as soon as he shaved one side of his face the hair grew on the other, will evoke a "read me that again" from the six-year-old or thereabout.

Animals never cease to fascinate, and Dr. Doolittle's Caravan (Stokes) by Hugh Lofting will delight Dr. Doolittle's thousands of readers; so will Spyri's Stories of Swiss Children (T. Y. Crowell and Company) containing Moni the Goat Boy, and other favorites; and What Happened in the Ark, by Kenneth Walker and Geoffrey Boumphrey (Dutton) relating how all the animals lived happily together until one hot afternoon when the magpie told them she had seen, over the hills, an old man with a white beard, building an ark.

Lucy Fitch Perkins's Mr. Chick, His Travels and Adventures (Houghton Mifflin); and The American Twins (Houghton Mifflin) combine history and travel in a fiction form. History lurks in such titles as Everett T. Tomlinson's Book of Pioneers (D. Appleton and Company); The American Boy Stories (Doubleday, Page) ranging in interest from the vikings to the tales of the foreign legion.

Mother Goose has an interest in Sarah Addington's Pudding Lane People (Little, Brown, and Company) where one meets Old King Cole and the Queen of Hearts. Johnny Gruelle in Beloved Belindy (Volland) introduces new characters with the old favorites, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy's Mammy. May Byron has retold for little people J. M. Barrie's Peter Pan and Wendy (Scribner's) with the approval of the author, and Thornton Burgess needs no introduction to the young reader, but his Billy Mink (Little, Brown) will.

A boy's own adventures with the American Museum Greenland expedition is told by David Putnam in David Goes to Greenland (Putnam); and Jean Henri Fabre writes simply of great truths in Here and There in Popular Science (Century.)

For the serious child, Lorinda M. Bryant's Celebrated Towers (Century) is informative and interesting; Montrose J. Moses's Another Treasury of Plays for Children (Little, Brown) will prove readable and actable; and Mary E. Clark and Margery Quigley in Etiquette, Jr. (Doubleday) will save the young from the pitfall of social error.

The mystery-loving girl is thought of in Augusta Huiell Seaman's Secret of Tate's Beach (Century) and the adventure-loving child will find his reward in the Newbery Medal award, Shen of the Sea (Dutton) by Arthur Bowie Chrisman.

Paul Bunyan and His Great Blue Ox (Doran) retold by Wallace Wadsworth and illustrated by Will Crawford, has an exaggerated humor—of appeal to the sophisticated as well as the unsophisticated child.

Of Indian tales, the season presents a goodly sprinkling. Skunny Wundy (Doran) by Arthur Parker; Constance Lindsay Skinner's The White Leader (Macmillan); Red Howling Monkey (Macmillan) by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van; and James Willard Schultz's William Jackson, Indian Scout (Houghton Mifflin Company) prove the most striking.

The seventh hundredth anniversary of Saint Francis of Assisi has not been overlooked in the children's books, and the Saint who is known as "everybody's" is presented in fascinating texts by Ethel Mary Wilmot-Buxton's Saint Francis of Assisi (Stokes) and Michael Williams's Little Brother Francis of Assisi (Macmillan.)

Thus the season advances, and the year records among its favorites those of the old which have endured and reappear in new dress, and those of the new which have the merit of good writing, and are within the comprehension of the child.

NORA CRIMMINS.

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BOOKS WITH PICTURES IN

THERE was a time when mail-order catalogues and fashion plates interested young readers more than books they were confidently expected to devour. Of course, some of these books were really very good, but the pictures had been left out—and pictures are as necessary to a boy aged ten as they ever were to Michael Angelo himself. How well modern publishers have come to realize the fact may be seen from a cursory glance through any random half-dozen of their better offerings. One sees the point more clearly, perhaps, if the half-dozen is selected, and so here goes for a rather arbitrary choice.

Tony Sarg has been fairy godmother to Greenberg, New York publisher. The most recent offering is Tony Sarg's Alphabet ($1.00) a treasure of color and design extravaganza with just the right sort of verses thrown in for good measure. Anybody would fall in love with these Punches and Judys, these portraits of old and new heroes in the land of youngster fun. The same publisher offers The Adventures of the Wandies ($1.00) which is a more imaginative creation. Bessy E. Creighton draws a tall and rather emaciated fairy—or wandy—who looks very cunning in black and white silhouette, with trees, shrubs, toadstools, and cobwebs for companions. Simpler but none the less appealing is a series of Once Upon a Time Stories ($0.50 each)—Hansel and Gretel, Jack the Giant Killer, and other favorites—retold in pictures by W. J. Enright. Dainty, dimity-covered little books, filled with sketchy drawings pleasurably suggestive, these issues ought to prove that the series can be extended with profit to all. Greenberg deserves to be introduced to all those who can be classed as not too old young people.

Certainly one of the most elaborate books of the season is Hansel and Gretel and Other Stories, by the Brothers Grimm, illustrated by Kay Nielsen (New York: George H. Doran Company, $5.00.) Quite apart from the sumptuous make-up and perennially charming text, the illustrations are a distinguished enough offering to hold the attention. Mr. Nielsen employs the most effective elements of Scandinavian fantasy. The costuming of the myth characters, the interpretation of nature and animals, the often really magnificent grotesquerie of the scenery—all these are present, but they only partly explain the curious, colorful other-worldliness of these drawings. Here is a book to kindle young fancies as riotously as you please: but even elderly people in number are sure to find it out and to lose track of themselves while peering into these gorgeously wild but still firmly coördinated visions of nowhere at all. And besides, who could ever grow tired of Grimm? The Doran edition, in short, is a publishing event.

The fervour and fire of Boris Artzybashieff may be seen to advantage this year in Padraic Colum's The Forge in the Forest (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25) and in Michael Williams's Little Brother Francis of Assisi ($1.75) issued by the same publishers. Artzybashieff is a sincere and conscientious artist who draws symbolically and with honest verve. His warriors and dragons are always rich with delightful ferocity, but his occasional plaintive scenes are almost the best of his work. I confess to liking him better as an illustrator than as a designer, but that is no great matter. Mr. Colum's book is a collection of old stories retold for the pleasure of an imagined king who refuses to turn blacksmith excepting on condition that the capturers of the wild horse tell a good tale in payment. They do. Mr. Williams's book, well-known to readers of The Commonweal, is an effective restatement for children of many wise and lovely stories about the Poverello. Both books would help to make Christmas memorable.

Boys are still as fond as ever of wigwams and tomahawks. Books in which they can find Indians to their fancy include Kootenai Why Stories, by Frank B. Linderman (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.) The author devotes his preface to explaining who the Kootenai Indians are and where their abode may be found. His stories are not the breathless romances of battle one used to enjoy under the spell of Captain Reid, but adhere to the best traditions of folk-lore. Here you may meet Coyote and Buffalo Bill, share their adventures, and grow very fond of Old-Man. The pictures are by Charles Livingston Bull, whose style is sufficiently well-known, and one's only regret is that there are so few—even if the number is ample in a book designed to sell at a low price. Skunny Wundy, by Arthur C. Parker (New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.00) has to do with the nature-lore of the Senecas. Mr. Parker describes the genesis of his tales in a genial introduction, and then proceeds to outline the adventures of a wide variety of animals. Most of them are well worth describing, although too much of Skunny Wundy at a time might be a little tiresome. Therefore Mr. Will Crawford's pictures help out, and they are very good pictures indeed. He has humor, an understanding of nature and a love for bright color.

One might go on indefinitely, but since that is impossible, prudence suggests a mere mention of a few specialized ventures into picture books. Piquant black and white illustrations add to the lively appeal of May M. Sweet's translation of The Little Blue Man, Guiseppe Fanciulli's bright story of the little fellow who was born in picture form (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.) The author's own sweetly grave philosophy of life smiles through the text, but children past seven years of age will (or ought to) find it a good excuse for staying up late. The same publishers issue Jason and the Princess ($1.50) a tale of marvels and adventure by Kathleen Colvile, ornamented with rather curious drawings by Albert Rutherston. Fancy untrammeled becomes merrily accustomed to the company of fairies in Rachel Field's Eliza and the Elves (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.) The book is a miscellany of prose and verse in which (for almost the only time this season) verse proves superior. There are some really first-rate jingles. The pictures are by Elizabeth MacKinstry, who can execute silhouettes with extraordinary deftness and modernity of mood. These are scattered prodigally through the text. The longest tale contained in the volume is devoted to the doings of a decidedly lovable little pup who, though elvish, is refreshingly agile. R. Caldecott's Picture Books (New York: Frederick Warne and Company. $0.75 each) are devoted to illustrating classic English rhymes. Text and drawings are simple, tasteful and lively. The size and everything else is so admirable that one regrets the seeming indifference of these books to whether or not they are opened. Binding is, after all, a matter of some importance. Of late, older literature has come into such favor as reading-matter for children that something about history and geography, in their classic aspects, is wholly appropriate. The Children's Book of Celebrated Towers, by Lorinda M. Bryant (New York: The Century Company. $2.50) should, therefore, find a ready welcome. It is also one of the best collections of interesting photographs we have seen recently. This is a wonderful age for kids!

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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The Holly Tree and Other Christmas Stories, by Charles Dickens. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Hans Brinker: or The Silver Skates, by Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The Last Days of Pompeii, by Bulwer Lytton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE fashion of reprints for the "Christmas trade" is one that has a great deal to recommend it. It enshrines stories that have become part of our early consciousness in all the splendor of bright pictures and handsome bindings. Apart altogether from its commercial aspect, it may well be considered as a tribute paid to literature that has been stamped with the approval of a generation that has grown to manhood or womanhood without finding anything much better, and which is anxious that the generation to follow shall not miss the well-remembered thrill that comes with a first reading.

It is a familiar comment upon Charles Dickens that he "invented Christmas." It is certain that at least he managed to reinvest it with a charm that the Gradgrinds and Scrooges had managed considerably to abate since days when the Lord of Misrule held carnival throughout Europe from the Nativity until Epiphany. The story of the little girl, fifty-six years ago, who on hearing of his death, asked whether we "should ever have Christmas again," may or may not be authentic. But the publication by Scribner's of the group of Christmas stories that first appeared from year to year in Household Words when the great writer was its editor, comes to remind us how deathless is his association with what we have grown to consider the Christmas spirit.

As we read over these incomparable stories for the tenth time, we have a chance to consider afresh just what ingredients went to make up this peculiar expansion of the heart at one season of the year, which Dickens first among the moderns identified for us. It is compounded of all sorts of obscure ingredients. There is the acute sense of contrast in which no one has ever excelled the author of the Pickwick Papers, the sharp difference between "insideness" and "outsideness"—the long journey by road through cold and storm which remained a vivid memory, from his early days of political reporting, set against the warm wayside hostelry, with its snug parlors, roaring fires, general good cheer, and the welcome which no payment of a bill could ever discharge. There was also the sense of a possible loneliness through unforeseen accident, at a time all the rest of the world is foregathering to make merry, which, in a heart that the world has left intact, only increases a sense of fellowship with its fellows, unseen and unknown.

This sentiment is strongest in the story which gives the present collection its title, a tale of a lonely and unhappy traveler, driven for company (and excellent company it proves) upon the humble servants of the inn where he is snow-bound. But it invests all the others—The Seven Poor Travelers, which is, in its homely fashion, a sermon against international hatred; The Poor Relation's Story—a brave reassertment, not only of the right of the poor to their share of happiness, but of the fact that, somehow or other, they get it. A word must be said for the illustrations in line and color, by Ernest H. Shepard, which adorn the sheaf of Christmas stories by the man who cared most for Christmas. They are not only technically excellent, but in reproducing the dress, buildings and manners of the time, achieve a fidelity that is archaeologically correct without being archaic.

Thirty-five years have passed since the beloved woman who edited St. Nicholas for three generations of childhood, gave us the story of Hans Brinker: or The Silver Skates, and dedicated it to "the boys and girls of New Amsterdam." In the new Scribner edition with quaint Dutch end papers and bright colored plates by Charles Wharton Edwards, Mary Mapes Dodge's tale of two brave little Dutch children keeps all its old charm and offers us a multitude of new. Upon the sheet of ice to which December turns the canals and waterways between Broek and Leyden, we watch the cheery figures in their bright outlandish costumes swinging along upon all sorts of errands, grave and gay, and have an opportunity, chapter by chapter, to study that cabinet of curiosities that Holland will never cease to present to the traveler, old or young, through the chatter and gossip of a party of young people. We learn how Gerard Douw went half blind with painting at forty and was restored to vision by an old German woman's spectacles, how an English philosopher peeled a $1,600 tulip under the impression it was an onion. We meet the "anspreeker" with crape streamers from his hat, going from door to door to announce a death, and see the red and white pincushions hanging on the door to tell of a little Hollander come into the world. We learn once more of the heroism of this sturdy and thrifty race who have known how to die defending their fields from the sea and their towns from the Spaniard. Incidentally, we assist at a pleasant little story of a poor family restored to happiness by a great doctor's skill and left as happy as we insist all good families must be left—at Christmas anyhow.

For older boys and girls, and for many whose adolescence has been left behind for years, The Last Days of Pompeii, in a handsome new edition, with pictures and decorations in color, should prove a welcome Christmas addition to the bookshelf. Newer and more sprightly fashions have somewhat left aside (one hesitates to say, left behind) Bulwer Lytton's reconstitution of the life that went on in the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum before the judgment overwhelmed them. One can well imagine a reader, nourished upon the naturalistic novel of the ancient world, which began with Salammbo, a little impatient with Lytton's somewhat stilted style, and the contrast between paganism and the new evangel introduced in the person of Olinthus. But nothing that has been written since has shaken the reputation of the author of The Last Days of Pompeii for scholarship or power of making one of the most tragic incidents of history vivid and convincing. As with all the gift books that Scribner's issue yearly, the colored plates by F. C. Yohn are worthy of the book's reputation and of the fine topography and binding that embody this new edition.

The consideration of the three books listed above and the general attention paid to stories for boys and girls at Christmas, reminds us that the creation of a special category for their benefit is an affair of comparatively recent growth, dating not much later back than the end of the eighteenth century. The early writers for the young, the creators of Miss Edgeworth's Frank, Sandford, and Merton, or Little Henry and His Bearer, were rather a grim lot. The sugar-coating was apt to be thin and the pill of edification dense and bitter. Contemporary writers seem apt to go to another extreme and to forget the liking of young people for solid fare on due occasions. English and American literature is lucky in having a great many books not written for the young, but which the young like to read.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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Winnie-The-Pooh, by A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Fillmore Folk Tales, selected by Wilhelmina Harper. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

The Epic of Kings, retold by Helen Zimmern. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IF YOU happen to have read another book about Christopher Robin, you will certainly remember that he had a swan who, when you went down beside the pond and called to him, answered to the name of Pooh. Because of his lingering affection for his sleek white friend of the past, when he acquired a new colleague all brown and furry, a bear, he dubbed him Winnie-the-Pooh. At least that is how Mr. Milne explains, in his introduction, the title of his new collection of tales of the many droll adventures of Christopher Robin and his animal friends in the forest. But later on he contradicts himself and says that the Pooh part of the bear's name came from his habit of blowing away the bees who liked to alight on his rather long nose. You can accept either explanation.

Pooh was a bear of "very little brain" who lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders. "What does 'under the name' mean?" asked Christopher Robin. "It means he had the name over the door in gold letters, and lived under it." Christopher Robin lived behind a green door in the highest part of the same wood. Also living in this forest were Piglet, whose grandfather's name was Trespasser "W," short for Trespassers Will; Rabbit and his great abundance of friends and relations; Eeyore, the complaining donkey who, by comparison, makes Pooh seem to have a perfectly enormous brain; Kanga and her squeaky Baby Roo; and Owl who was always trying to impress them with her wisdom. This fine company, under the protection of Christopher, engage in many adventures not the least of which is an expedition to the North Pole. To choose the story that you like best is extremely difficult, but personally I liked the ones in which Piglet figured the most prominently. Piglet has "brains, personality, and charm."

Mr. Milne has again written a book that it will be a joy to give to any young person from the ages of four to forty. The whimsical wit, grace and imagination of When We Were Very Young are again evidenced in these stories and his verses, and the fanciful drawings of Mr. E. H. Shepard generously scattered throughout the book add much to the delight of the reader and the one to whom it is read. A map of the forest, drawn by Christopher Robin with the help of Mr. Shepard, is provided so you can find your way around without much difficulty.

To make available at a moderate price the most popular of Parker Fillmore's legends and folk tales of Finland and the Slavic countries which were published several years ago, Wilhelmina Harper, supervisor of children's work of the Kern County, California, library, has selected and edited the most popular of his stories from The Laughing Prince and Mighty Mikko. The Enchanted Peafowl, which tells how that bird, who had been a princess before she was bewitched, married the czar's youngest son and became a queen; and Mighty Mikko, the story of the young son of a woodsman who befriended a fox and through his good graces became rich and powerful and married the king's daughter, are perhaps the two best stories of the selection. The stories are dramatic in the telling and abound in humor and imagination. The picturesqueness of the setting, detail, and situation make a

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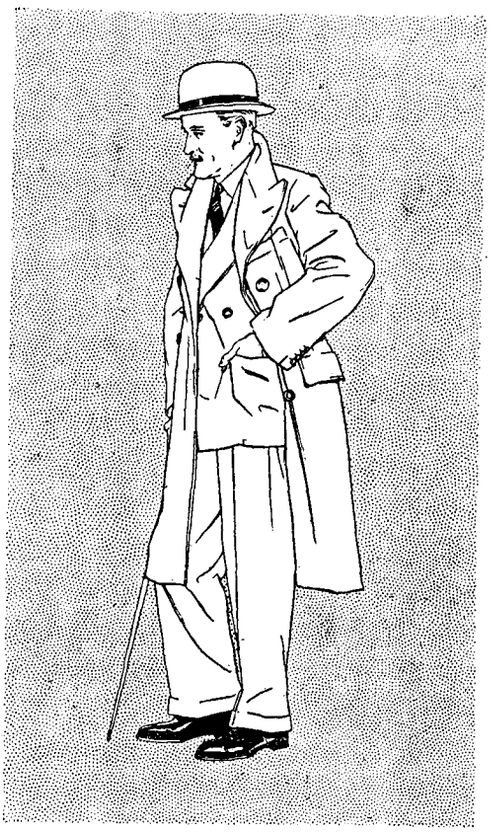

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strong appeal to the imagination for the stories are, for the most part, unfamiliar to American children whose fairy stories have been derived, in the main, from Teutonic sources.

The striking illustrations in color and the cover and format of Wilfred Jones would be excuse enough for the reissuing of The Epic of Kings. First published in 1882 in a translation by Helen Zimmern from the French of Jules Mohl, these tales of splendor of the East are republished from the old edition, now out of print, in a dazzling setting provided by Mr. Jones's artistry. Certain exquisite old Persian miniatures, brought to life some season ago in a memorable production at the Hecksher Children's Theatre, gain new meaning after reading the fascinating stories in The Epic of Kings. For centuries these tales have been sung in the courts of royalty and in lonely desert camps, and today in translation retain all their magic. Princesses as glamourous as imagined by Scheherezade, brave heroes with the magical powers described in The Thousand and One Nights, thrilling pictures of combats and conflicts with dragons, peris, deevs, and mythical monsters, are all combined in a book of haunting beauty.

JOHN M. KENNY, JR.

The Treasure Ship: A Collection of Fairy-Tales by Modern Writers, edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

APPARENTLY fairy-tales and fantasies of sort are getting to be of such import that they are collected yearly along with the other best cullings in diverse activities. Still, they have not been accepted too thoroughly; they are not as yet known along with the Best Sermons and Best News Stories. But this large book, amply illustrated with colored plates and drawings in black and white by several artists, with large type and an array of headliners in the field of fancy, is the second book of edited tales for the young idea that Lady Asquith has published. Readers who chanced upon The Flying Carpet, with its original contributions by Hardy and Barrie and others, found a beautiful book for children and were doubtlessly themselves, if they dipped within its covers, enchanted with the sly conceits and pawky humors.

The new volume of collected tales has quite as rich an assortment as had the first entry. There are stories by John Galsworthy, Cynthia Asquith, J. M. Barrie, Denis Mackail, P. G. Wodehouse, Compton Mackenzie, Algernon Blackwood, Mary Webb, and Adelaide Phillpotts. Hilaire Belloc contributes a typical example of his perfectly turned nonsense verse in A Reproof of Gluttony, and an astonishing simplified and interesting account of The Battle of Crécy that should certainly keep the young idea from thinking history is just nasty old dates and horrid. The delightful A. P. Herbert, the master of Punch, is represented by a short play about the Fat King Melon and Princess Caraway. Herbert Asquith, Lady Margaret Sackville, Walter De La Mare, A. A. Milne, Lord David Cecil, and Katherine Tynan bring merry jingling verses to sandwich in between the tales with their gay songs. All of which has been attractively illustrated by the artists who have caught the spirit of this argosy of dreams and laughter.

There is some sort of silly rumor about that the writing of fairy-tales has entered upon bad days. This seems to be nonsense so long as King Barrie reigns. Of course, there is the exotic emperor, Dunsany, too. But the tales of this collection seem to bear an indebtedness to Barrie. Peter Pan has stampeded the imagination of several generations. So it is quite pertinent that Barrie—who one rainy day had to keep four children amused—should tell them—and us—about the Blot on Peter Pan. If you aren't too particular about your facts and your imagination is rather sharp, in listening to this recital, there is a great possibility of getting a splendid inkling into the genesis of Peter Pan. It all became clear in this chronicle of Neil, who had one fairy godmother who was a bad fairy. She was even impertinent to policemen. So naturally Neil had cockiness. This swank had such influence on Neil's godfather that Peter Pan was blotted in creation and turned out cocky.

Denis Mackail has fancied the Kingdom of Semolina, a huge high rock in the middle of a vast desert, surrounded by savage tribes. King Curius was very lax as a ruler, spent all his time reading periodicals, and if it had not been that his cook was trying so awfully hard to make "lemon sponge," his kingdom would have been sacked and ruined by the barbarians. Mr. Herbert's play is about a fat king and a thin princess who are ruefully tricked into happiness by a prankful fairy. Compton Mackenzie's fable has a moral about being contented with your lot. The now well-known Master Christopher Robin of A. A. Milne, has measles and wheezles for our entertainment. Mary Webb brings Prince Charming to the assistance of Elfina, whose father was charging her with being "dreamy and stupid and plain and careless." There are magical slippers in Kaspar and the Red Slippers. Galsworthy's tale is different—having something of his typical humanitarian appeal in his expression of freedom.

This happy book closes with the deft and spirited verses of Katherine Tynan. Christmas Trees, oddly enough in this materialistic day, expresses the spirit of that joyful day in pretty fancy. The contents of The Treasure Ship are the realization of a splendid idea. Let your children encourage it.

EDWIN CLARK.

Skazki: Tales and Legends of Old Russia, by Ida Zeitlin. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

LET those wanting to experience again the enchantment received, as a child, from reading fairy-tales and legends, by all means read this book. For here that delicious thrill that comes from reading of giants, dragons and knights can almost be recaptured by adults.

Particularly in the relating do these Russian tales and legends seem to differ quite radically from the folk-lore most familiar to American children. A few of them do remind one of the stories of the Brothers Grimm, especially The Sleeping Tsarevna and the Seven Giants, which has for its plot, the beautiful and wicked stepmother, jealous of her stepdaughter's beauty, who looks in the mirror every day and finds that her daughter is more comely than herself. She attempts by various methods to kill her, and when all has failed, the stepmother falls down and dies. This is almost the same tale as that told by the Brothers Grimm in Snow-White. Many of the same stories were undoubtedly told by people who had drifted from Russia to the Teutonic countries, or from the Teutonic countries to Russia, in each case the tale becoming engrafted with something of the spirit characteristic of the nation in which it was adopted.

In these Russian legends many more references to God and religion are made than in the usual fairy-tale. Each story has a moral, but it is one symbolical and implied rather than expressed. Perhaps, for children, they are not always in as unquestionable taste as they might be, for there are many references and allusions to subjects better left untouched, yet

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these are made so subtly that one doubts if a child would comprehend them.

After having read so many books that contain an involved style, it is a perfect joy to find tales told in this simple, rather beautiful manner. In most of these legends there is constant repetition of the same paragraphs which, after awhile, become monotonous. But children, if they love a story, seem never to grow tired of hearing it repeated—a joy apparently lost when one grows older.

These twelve tales are each distinct, yet there is a certain continuity about them that holds them together. The background and the atmosphere go far to keep this unbroken. A clever point about the arrangement is that the same phrases and quaint expressions are used throughout the book, as if some old Russian story-teller were recounting them to you at one sitting. This gives the feeling that the tales were really spoken first before they were written—an impression ideally suited for children, who much prefer to have stories told or read to them, rather than read them themselves.

In Skazki one receives a very good impression of certain aspects of the Russian mind and temperament—childish in the extreme, on the one hand, and morbid and despairing in the extreme, on the other. The simple, childlike faith in God, and the acceptance of things as they are, show an individuality distinctly different from the Anglo-Saxon.

One cannot end a review of Skazki without speaking about the format and make-up of this volume. Twelve lovely illustrations by Theodore Nadejen, six in black and gold, and six in color, liven up and beautify the pages. Scattered through the book are numerous charming black and white sketches that give a connection to the stories through the eye. The book is so beautifully gotten up and arranged that one almost feels that it is too costly for children to possess. But "grownups" must not be too selfish with beautiful books.

ROBERT INNES CENTER.

Listen, Children, by Stephen Southwold, with a foreword by John Drinkwater. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

The House That Ran Away, by Lola Pierce. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepherd Company. $1.50.

The Zulu Trail, by Major Charles Gilson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

A WELL-KNOWN authority on children's books has questioned, in a recent and very delightful article, what "surprises" the coming season may present. By the critic's intention and the general trend of thought on children's literature, we may make "surprises" synonymous with "values." Certainly John Drinkwater, in his foreword to Stephen Southwold's book with that arresting title, Listen, Children, has succinctly limited "values"—"under twelve, Edward Lear; over twelve, Lewis Carroll"!

Be that as it may, Mr. Southwold's collection of short tales—designed to answer the age-old plea, "Tell me a story"—is a genuine contribution for parents, as well as for the youngest members of the family. Written with an appealing simplicity and a decided sense of word-beauty, it stimulates the adult imagination that may limp, while satisfying that same quality of thought which is so markedly inherent in all children. Without pointing the dreaded moral, it teaches a degree of science and natural history. Moreover, it deals delightfully with all sorts and conditions of things that are

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COMMONWEAL PAMPHLETS

NUMBER ONE

Obligations to America

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Professor of History, Columbia University, the author of "Political and Social History of Modern Europe," "Brief History of the Great War," and other books.

PROFESSOR HAYES gives in this pamphlet, reprinted from THE COMMONWEAL, the clearest and most significant summary of the debt of the United States to the spiritual forces, the philosophy, and the social ideas of Catholicism, ever presented in such brief form. At the same time he brings out in bold relief the obligations of Catholics to their nation and the services they are called upon to give.

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familiar and cherished; with pansies and sheep and the moon —with gobblers and pirates and pigtails. And this is as it should be!

Lola Pierce, in The House That Ran Away, has written a story for girls, combining the usual pranks of school-days with a certain mystery in an old Missouri farmhouse. The book is innocuous. There must be a thousand-and-one of its type, "for the 'teens," on the market today.

On the other hand, The Zulu Trail is a real thriller. Danger never flags from the opening chapters in an old house—haunted, of course—down in Cornwall, to the later development of the plot in the Loangwa valley of Africa during the days of the slave trade. Here we find ourselves surrounded by apparently all the Zulus in the world, and all bearing that weapon of untoward fascination, the "assagai." The grownup boy (as well as the boy in his 'teens) in whom the desire for the bright face of danger has never been quenched, will enjoy unreservedly this rattling yarn.

MARTHA BAYARD.

Polly's Secret, by Harriet A. Nash. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

Orpheus With His Lute, by W. M. L. Hutchinson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.

Gipsy Nan, by Carroll W. Rankin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

POLLY'S SECRET, the latest addition to the Beacon Hill Bookshelf, is permeated with the atmosphere of early New England, and a younger generation whom the highly colored themes of the screen fail to convince, are sure to find it an interesting chronicle of the life that was really lived by the grandfathers and grandmothers whose faces gaze upon them from darkened portraits. The daily life in Bloomfield on the Kennebec, that is Polly's home, the inn, and the academy, "one of the finest educational institutions of the state," are drawn with a pen that knows how to make the past live. There is a remarkably exciting plot, and Polly's secret is not divulged until she has won the warm affection of every one of the new friends Miss Nash has made for her.

More than ever are writers, clever or merely smart, adventuring into the wonderland of Greek literature and mythology for their material. Exactly what to bring back for the young mind is at once a task and a responsibility, and it is just here that Orpheus With His Lute, Mr. Hutchinson's collection of stories from the ancient world of Hellas, seems to fill a need. The tales, of course, are the familiar ones that have entered into cultured consciousness—Orpheus and his journey to the lower world, Deucalion's flood, the saga of Prometheus. As told in this latest collection, they make a book that any adult not erudite enough to go to original sources will enjoy, and in which those lucky adolescents who have their life before them will find abundant incentive to encourage them toward first-hand acquaintance with the treasure-house of Greek literature.

In Gipsy Nan, a story of a very winsome little girl's summer holiday on the shores of Lake Superior, Miss Rankin has given us another of her very charming and wholesome tales for young girls, something in the happily remembered vein of Mrs. Molesworth. Gipsy Nan's adventures with her friend, Sandy Sue, along the lake-shore and at school, have that touch of every-day happening with a spice of the adventurous that endears such a chronicle to the average child by giving the "make-believe" element in his or her own life the actuality of print. The illustrations by Miriam Sells are delightfully in keeping with the text of this pleasant book.

ENID HURD.

Shen of the Sea, by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, the author of this book explains how he did it; it is up to me to tell what he did. Imagine a youngster who asks the kind of questions represented by the immemorial "What makes the moon round?" listening to a gentle Chinaman's embroidered accounts of how things like printing and china came to be. Of course, it was Ah Mee, son of the patient and only once irate carver Ching Chi, who spread black jam over engraved plaques and so enabled his parent to make an impression on the wall when he started throwing things.

There is no apparently necessary end to the list of such stories. Mr. Chrisman has merely selected a number of the best and made them very entertaining indeed. Oriental ingenuity bobs up consistently, bringing to a happy end many desperate adventures. Any child who would refuse to register excitement just before Chieh Chung finally rebottles the mischievous Shen must have been born near Plymouth, Vermont.

Possibly the undertone of thinking in the manner of Lao-Tse may escape younger readers, but there is really not so much of it as the publishers' announcement seems to think. By comparison, a thread of sly Mark Twain fun appears glittering here and there, thus attracting and fascinating older readers. In short, Mr. Chrisman's book deserved the John Newbery Medal it received, and deserved also the notable format prepared by the publishers. The silhouettes by Else Hasselriis are enough to give anybody the wanderlust. There are not many such alluring Chinamen to be found these days, either in art or out of it. More than once we have suffered at the hands of literary enthusiasts about the Orient. The present book is both a reward and a find.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Peter Pan and Wendy, retold by May Byron from the story of J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

The Light Princess, by George MacDonald. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

WHY must people be intrigued by their own cleverness? Here is the charming Peter Pan story retold for the tots of two and thereabouts with an unforgivable—if you value your peace when reading to children—second paragraph—"Then Wendy began to see that one didn't stay at two for the rest of one's life. Indeed, two is the beginning of the end"—is part of it.

But skip the paragraph and read on. The story tells in simple language the high adventures of Peter Pan and Wendy in the Never-Land: fights with pirates who do not frighten; night flights with malicious fairies; association with devoted, yet wild, Redskins; and, in the end, a return to an anxious mother. It is all here, the delicate touch, the vivid imagery of that delightful intravert, Sir James Barrie. But, in reading the story to the "littlest people," stop just before the last sentence; it, too, will be obtuse to two-year-olds. And it is a pity. Fortunately, however, two paragraphs do not spoil a good tale.

Oh, childhood, what crimes are committed in thy name!

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When you are treated as a grownup, you are bewildered and realize that you have been taken advantage of; when you are treated as an infant, your pride is hurt; and when both occur coetaneously you must listen to such a thing as The Light Princess.

The story is an unimaginative rehashing of the usual fairy-tale, inheriting enough from its worthy forebears to make it readable (the beautiful princess is enchanted by her cruel aunt who is not invited to the christening, and later is unenchanted by the love of the handsome prince who comes adventuring.) But if a youngster is precocious enough to understand puns involving "light-haired" and "light-heired," the humor springing from the illogical arguments of Chinese metaphysicians, and the correct meaning of such words as "duplicity," "tatamount," "phlebotomize," and a host of others, he will be too precocious to listen to the story they develop. But he would like Dorothy Lathrop's drawings.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

The Foundling Prince and Other Tales, translated by Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

THE traditions of the Grimm Brothers, de Perrault and the folk-story tellers of England and Ireland are well continued in the work of the Roumanian author, Petre Ispirescu (1830-1887) a modest, humble citizen of Bucharest, devoted to his national craftsmanship of printing and publishing the literature of his people. His collection of Roumanian tales, published in 1862, 1872, 1874, 1879, was followed by a History of the Turco-Russian War of 1876.

In the Foundling Prince and Other Tales, he follows the old traditions handed down from Roman days of the Dacian empire, so that his kings are always emperors ruling over boyars of mediaeval type. Fet-Frumos is the Prince Charming who fights the Zmeii dragons and rescues the Princess Ileane, who is "so lovely that the stars smile upon her—the flower of her hair sings and nine empires listen to the song." Personifications of the winds are frequent motifs, there are enchanted horses and devils usually in the pious disguise of monks and hermits. Gipsies and Arab gnomes, richly attired, serve their masters of the magic ring at sumptuous repasts. It is the gorgeous Roumanian Orient served up for the dream-feasts of boys and girls, enriching their imaginations and giving glow and inspiration to their dreams. The translation and selection of the tales of The Foundling Prince are made with careful art, and excellent discrimination, and the decorations by Maurice Day and James D. Powell are fantastically appropriate.

THOMAS WALSH.

The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The Gauntlet of Dunmore, by Hawthorne Daniel. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A Magician of Science, by John Winthrop Hammond. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

PADRAIC COLUM'S book is pure fantasy, eight or ten fragile fairy-tales strung on a diaphanous thread of narrative. The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said was originally published in 1918. Whimsical, aery, generously illustrated, these tales abound in delightful conceits such as this terse prophecy about when the world will come to an end:

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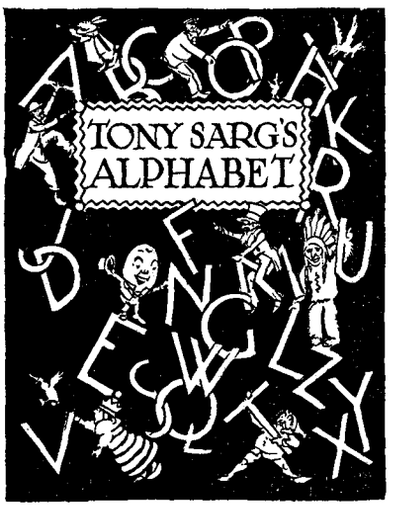

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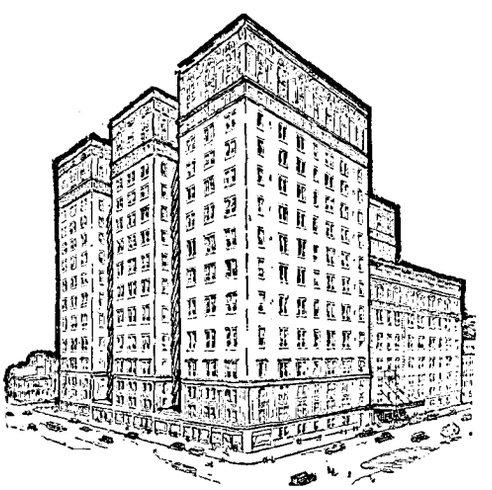

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"When the bird that follows the cuckoo flies into the cuckoo's mouth. . . . All the birds know that, but not all the people know it." The dust-cover modestly advises the book for "ages, six to eight." The publishers would scarcely be without their rights were they to recommend it for "ages, six to eighty."

The Gauntlet of Dunmore is a narrative in the romantic mood, laid in the early fifteenth century. Yeomen whack one another on the noddles with quarterstaffs; malaperts and varlets loose clouds of cloth-yard shafts from their trusty self-yew bows; Henry V eats away the walls of Harfleur with stone cannon balls—but through all the intrigue of villains and the trials of warfare serenely rides our hero, who thwarts the villains, wins the battle of Agincourt almost single-handed, regains the baronetcy his father lost through treachery, and —but there, we must not tell if he wins the lady. Very young readers will find Mr. Daniel's good style and mediaeval atmosphere sufficient recompense for hackneyed plot and characterization. The illustrations by Henry Pitz are admirable.

In A Magician of Science, a boy's life of Steinmetz based upon Mr. Hammond's standard biography of the great electrician and mathematician, the attempt to "talk down to" the boy results in thin generalities and milky sentiments. Into almost every page is tucked some neat little lesson that a boy would find more to his liking were it tucked in further still. The book has the garb, but not the stuff, of reality.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Candles' Beams, by Francis J. Finn. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

Chiquita, and A Mother's Heart, by Henriette Eugenie Delamare. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner and Company.

A Year at Miss Austin's, by Ethel Comstock Bridgman. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

Inger Johanne's Lively Doings, by Dikken Zwilgmeyer; translated by Emilie Poulsson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.75.

THE candle beam of a good deed in a needy world shines from each of the six stories in Father Finn's volume under the title, Candles' Beams. These are stories with such real places and persons in them that the reader knows they were not invented; they simply happened to be discovered by Father Finn before the reader came along. The young priest who saved a child's soul by teaching her how to swim; the Brother who reformed a thief by believing in him; the little girl whose death brought her parents back to God; these are not strangers to us, but old friends whom we passed in the crowd and recognized only after Father Finn had pointed them out to us. Father Finn's stories are always excellent because they bear the impress of truth.

Chiquita is the name of a little Spanish girl, who is possessed of a beautiful voice and becomes a famous singer, only to discover that the price she has paid for fame is too great. A Mother's Heart is another story with a moral lesson prettily disguised in narrative; the danger of indiscriminate reading.

A Year at Miss Austin's is a story of girls' lives in boarding-school written for girls of high-school age. Its readers will enjoy the story because of its picnics and proms and athletic contests which are so thoroughly enjoyed by the charming girls in the story. There is every type of girl in Miss Austin's, just as in every boarding-school; and there are salutary lessons hidden in the fun and adventure and pathos of the narrative.

A most likable, though at times exasperating, child is Inger Johanne, a child who runs breathlessly around corners in the fond hope of flying into a fairy kingdom and is not really disappointed when she meets the same old realities of every-day life. Children will admit Inger Johanne to their comradeship without demur, especially because she tells her own story, has many strange things happen to her, and is often blamed for things she did not do.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

Dr. Doolittle's Caravan, by Hugo Lofting. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

John Martin's Big Book No. 10. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

HUGO LOFTING'S peculiarly active series of books has, as its latest addition, this Caravan which, wonderful to relate, is not in the slightest degree a disappointment. Pippinella, the green hen canary casually discovered in an animal shop, is the motive for the extraordinary canary opera which makes the fortune of the humanitarian doctor and his circus troupe. The antics of this rarely clever and crazy household of animals of which the benignant and heavy Dr. Doolittle, his coadjutor, Matthew Muggs, and the housekeeper duck, Dab-Dab, are guiding spirits, fascinates intensively until it is laid down. Its solemn fun and common-sense complacency are its most inimitable assets. Never was such mirth of that particular order since Edward Lear laid down his pen!

Any production of John Martin's has its own quiet charm, a charm especially designed for tiny children from three to eight. They cannot, like the little girl found crying in a corner, say: "There is so little variety in my life"; for John Martin's Big Book generously fills any vacuum in this direction, supplying history and nature tales, drawings, puzzles, rainy-day games and nonsense jingles—in fact, anything that will hold the infant mind for a brief time. He could introduce, however, a more original type of imagination and humor into his works. The seeds in his child garden are growing splendidly but they are a trifle usual and tame. Let him have a few plants that will, like wild morning-glories, climb the tops of the bean poles. The Story of the Pumpkin Glory, by William Dean Howells, would be a good one to emulate, and such fare would swell the ranks of his child audiences.

LAURA BENÉT.

The Flying King of Kurio, by William Rose Benét. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

MR. BENÉT has read much, and his touch on the fantastic has already been recognized as effective and creative. For the children he now turns on the magic stereopticon, and outlines a world of wonderment borrowed from the older fairy literature, the modern folk versions, and the stage and film craft that are overcoming the vision of all our young people. Mr. Benét's scenes are laid in New York and the strange land of Kafiristan, touching, perhaps, on the borders of the Congo and not unknown to Munchausen and other travelers of better known veracities.

Not content with his narrative, the poet in Mr. Benét frequently breaks out into rollicking songs in the spirit of the Bab Ballads and the vocabulary of Kipling. The result is a work of whimsical fantasy and bookish nonsense-lore that will have strong appeal for the boy and girl who bury themselves in the cushions on wintry nights after dinner.

T. C.

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BRIEFER MENTION

The House We Live In. New York: Samuel Gabriel Sons and Company. $1.50.

THIS is a work "to keep busy the little hands and little heads," with pretty pictures and scissor-clippings that make up the paste-pot masterpieces of the nursery. Lovers of children at their games, and those in charge in the nurseries will welcome the interest awakened in this House We Live In. It will engross the child-mind in a profitable and instructive game of snipping and pasting together attractive scenes, in color, of indoor and outdoor life.

To the Heart of the Child, by Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. New York: The Universal Knowledge Foundation. $1.10.

TO THE HEART OF THE CHILD will present many points of value to the teacher in primary grades who is left with problems of the religious formation of the child. The story of the Scriptures, the sacraments and dogmas of the Church are clearly presented, and there are directions for schedules of time and practical aids in the conduct of Sunday-schools. It should be placed in the hands of every instructor in our catechetical system.

Zoölogical Soliloquies, with rhymes by Kay Harshberger, music by Holland Robinson, and drawings by Mac Harshberger. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

THE contents of Zoölogical Soliloquies bespeak its fantastic character and imaginative interest. The Supercilious Camel, the Woggle Bug, the Oyster Bed, the Wistful Elephant, My Giraffinity, and the Flamingolosh, scattered over bizarre colored pages with erratic drawings, present a work that will fill the wonder-world of the younger children with a vibration of joy and astonishment.

The Wonder Offering, by Marion Ames Taggart. New York: Benziger Brothers. $0.35.

MISS TAGGART'S little book for children, instructing them in the mystery of the Mass, is done with her usual charm. The pictures are in good taste, the figure of the celebrant of the Mass standing beneath the scene in scriptural history that his ceremony typifies. It is an excellent instructional device, and will have its appeal for Sunday-school teachers whose pupils are in the lower grades.

Catholic Nursery Rhymes, by Sister Mary Gertrude. New York: Benziger Brothers. $0.20.

IN the form of alphabet verses, Sister Mary Gertrude of Saint Elizabeth's Convent, New Jersey, outlines for children the story of Jesus in the Gospel, and the sacraments of the Church. The work of the author has been done with great sympathy and understanding of the child-mind.

All Summer to Play, by Elisabeth Lee. Baltimore: John Murphy. $1.75.

MISS LEE writes a charming story of a country house in Maryland in the 'eighties. There is plenty of nature and fishing and camping, carnivals and pony races to delight youthful readers and while away the quiet hours at the hearthside.

T. W.

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The Enchanted Flivver, by Berton Braley. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

THIS is a bright nonsense-story of the adventures of Dan and Trochee, deputies from fairy-land, in the enchanted flivver. They travel in a very modernized fantasy-land. They visit the toy factory of Santa Claus, Incorporated, go down to Davey Jones's locker in an elevator, and stop off at the Grimm Brothers' movie emporium for an all-star program. It is a book which will entertain any up-to-date child conversant with the parlance of the daily newspapers. In the hands of an imitative youngster, it might lead to new tricks to correct, as Trochee is an inveterate punster, and there is some rather harmless slang used. Entertaining nonsense-rhymes are scattered through the text.

The Children's Own Book of Letters and Stories, by Maude Burbank Harding. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $1.75.

THIS will prove a very useful book for teaching English composition in the classroom or at home. The examples used are taken from the work of children, and the age of each child is given as an incentive to emulation. The book includes letters, poems, short stories, book reviews, and plays, and gives exercises on punctuation, and the appropriate choice of words, entertainingly arranged in the form of games. There is also a chapter on magazine-making.

The Voyagers: Legends and Histories of Atlantic Discoveries, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE VOYAGERS leads one from the earliest legends of Atlantic discoveries to the days of Columbus and Ponce de Leon. There are attractive illustrations and chapter headings, by Wilfred Jones, all eloquent of the sea. I wish the short glimpse of the Island of the Screaming Horses could have been omitted. It is out of place in the midst of much stimulating beauty.

The Magic Flight: Jewish Tales and Legends, by Yossef Gaer. New York: Frank-Maurice. $2.00.

THESE tales are told to two young Jewish children by their grandmother. Some are purely fanciful; others are based on Old Testament stories. All of them contain a great deal of gentle wisdom, and are set against a background of Jewish family life, giving an interesting glimpse into the customs and holidays of the race.

On Shining Wings, by Helen von Kolnitz Hyer. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $1.75.

ENTERTAINMENT and instruction when combined successfully in a book for juveniles, go far toward achieving that difficult thing—a volume approved by both parent and child. On Shining Wings, which is of the stuff of adventure and nature, is such a book. Its style is one that will charm.

The First Christmas, by Thomas A. Donoghue. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $0 .25.

THIS little booklet in verse tells the story of Bethlehem with colored scenes which are completed by a picture of the crib in the parish church. Father Donoghue's verse is direct and simple enough for very young children.

G. T. E.

OTHER JUVENILE BOOKS:

Virginia Lee, by Clara Ingram Judson. New York: Barse and Hopkins. $1.50.

Welcome Barbara, by Kathleen Cooney. New York: Barse and Hopkins. $1.00.

Making the Eleven at St. Michaels, by John R. Uniack. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

Martha Jane at College, by Inez Specking. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

Mary Rose, Graduate, by Mary Mabel Wirries. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

Schooner Ahoy! by Irving T. McDonald. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

Mother Goose Song Book, by Holland Robinson and Mac Harshberger. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

John and Susanne, by Edith Ballinger Price. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

One Boy Too Many, by Lebbeus Mitchell. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

The Uncharted Island, by Walter Scott Story. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

The Boys' Book of the U. S. Mails, by Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.75.

Bubbleloon, by Edith Keeley Stokely. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.00.

David Hotfoot, by Dan Totheroh. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

Prester John, by John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

The Book of the United States, by Elsie Singmaster. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

The Velveteen Rabbit, by Margery Williams. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

Waul & Dyke, Inc., by Ethel Cook Eliot. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

Four Times Once Upon a Time, by Margaret and Mary Baker. New York: Duffield and Company. $3.00.

Daniel Du Luth, by Everett McNeil. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Pedro of the Black Death, by C. M. Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The Adventures of Johnny T. Bear, by Margaret J. McElroy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

What Happened in the Ark, by Kenneth M. Walker and Geoffrey M. Boumphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Lincoln for Boys and Girls, by Albert Britt. New York: Frank-Maurice. $2.00.

The Little Pig That Would Not Get Up, by Edna Groff Deihl. New York: Samuel Gabriel Sons and Company.

This Singing World, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Treasure Hunters of Bob's Hill, by Charles Pierce Burton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

Gordon, by Sara Cone Bryant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Jason and the Princess, by Kathleen Colvile. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Mr. Chick, by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

The American Twins of the Revolution, by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

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